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Andrew Pringle

HARVARD COLLEGE

THE BAVIAD,

AND

MÆVIAD,

BY

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipuli
 Consensu magno officiunt:—dignum erit ergo
 Declamatoris Mutinensis corde Vagelli,
 Cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligatos!

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

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1811.

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r. A



George Nichols fund

W

TO
JOHN HOPPNER, Esq. R. A.
THE FOLLOWING POEMS
ARE INSCRIBED
AS A TRIFLING BUT GRATEFUL TESTIMONY
OF THE
AFFECTIONATE REGARD
OF HIS
MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND
THE AUTHOR.



THE

PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

ABOUT five years ago, I purchased of the Proprietor, (Mr. W. of Piccadilly,) the Copyright of the Baviad and Mæviad.

As the Work was frequently called for, I was desirous of sending it to the press; and accordingly applied, as a customary mark of attention, to the Author for his consent and co-operation, neither of which he was, at that time, inclined to give. As the demand for the Poem became more importunate, I renewed my applications; when he told me, that "reasons of a personal nature forbade his assistance; but that, if I was determined to reprint it," (which I was fully intitled to do,) "he would furnish me with his Copy for the purpose."

In this, besides a number of verbal emendations, I had the pleasure to find an additional

Elegy, which the public will, I trust, think no way inferior to the former two. There was also an interesting little Memoir subjoined to the lines on the late Mr. Hoppner, written, as it appears, by a common friend, and bearing marks of feeling and just discrimination.

To the whole, I have added the Epistle to Peter Pindar, which has been long out of print. It is said that the motto to the first edition of the Baviad was,

———— nunc in ovilia,
Mox in reluctantes dracones :

If Peter was one of these reluctant serpents, the Author did not threaten in vain ; since this vigorous attack drove him into that obscurity from which, for the peace of society, he was destined never more to emerge.

S. TIPPER.

September 1st, 1810.

INTRODUCTION.

IN 1785, a few English of both sexes,* whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high-flown panegyrics on themselves, and complimentary “canzonnettas” on two or three Italians,† who

* Among whom I find the names of Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry, Mr. Parsons, &c.

† Mrs. Piozzi has since published a work on what she is pleased to call **BRITISH SYNONIMES**: the better, I suppose, to enable these foreign gentlemen to comprehend her multifarious erudition.

Though “no one better knows his own house” than I the vanity of this woman; yet the idea of her undertaking such a work had never entered my head; and I was thunderstruck when I first saw it announced. To execute it with any tolerable degree of success, required a rare combination of talents, among the least of which may be

understood too little of the language in which they were written, to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm ; nor, indeed, much good : but, as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that the fine things were really deserved, which they mutually said and sung of each other.

Thus persuaded, they were unwilling that their inimitable productions should be confined to the

numbered neatness of style, acuteness of perception, and a more than common accuracy of discrimination ; and Mrs. Piozzi brought to the task, a jargon long since become proverbial for its vulgarity, an utter incapability of defining a single term in the language, and just as much Latin from a child's Syntax, as sufficed to expose the ignorance which she so anxiously labours to conceal. " If such a one be fit to write on *SYNONIMES*, speak." Pignotti himself, laughs in his sleeve ; and his countrymen, long since undeceived, prize the lady's talents at their true worth,

Et centum Tales curto centusæ licentur.†*

* *Quere Thrales ?* *PRINTER'S DEVIL.*

† Thus translated by Mr. Bulmer's devil ; (the young gentleman who furnished the conjectural emendation above, which is highly spoken of by the German critics :) -

And, for a clipt half-crown, expose to sale,
A hundred Synomists like Madam Thrale.

little circle which produced them ; they therefore transmitted them hither ; and, as their friends were strictly enjoined not to shew them, they were first handed about the town with great assiduity, and then sent to the press.

A short time before the period of which we speak, a knot of fantastic coxcombs, headed by one Este, had set up a daily paper called the *WORLD*.* It was perfectly unintelligible, and therefore much read : it was equally lavish of praise and abuse, (praise of what appeared in its own columns, and abuse of every thing that appeared elsewhere,) and as its conductors were at once ignorant and conceited, they took upon themselves to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle which came before them.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that Yendas, and Laura Marias, and Tony Pasquins, have long

* In this paper were given the earliest specimens of those unqualified, and audacious attacks on all private character ; which the town first smiled at for their quaintness ; then tolerated for their absurdity ; and now—that other papers equally wicked, and more intelligible, have ventured to imitate it,—will have to lament to the last hour of British liberty.

claimed a prescriptive right to infest our periodical publications : but as the Editors of them never pretended to criticise their harmless productions, they were merely perused, laughed at, and forgotten. A paper, therefore, which introduced their trash with hyperbolical encomiums, and called upon the town to admire it, was an acquisition of the utmost importance to these poor people, and naturally became the grand depository of their lucubrations.

At this auspicious period the first cargo of poetry arrived from Florence, and was given to the public through the medium of this favoured paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics which dazzled the native grubs who had never ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of “blue hills,” and “crashing torrents,” and “petrifying suns !” *

* Here Mr. Parsons is pleased to advance his farthing rush-light. “Crashing torrents and petrifying suns are extremely ridiculous”—*habes confitentem!* “but they are not to be found in the Florence Miscellany.” Who said, they were? But à propos of the Florence Miscellany. Mr. Parsons says, that I obtained a copy of it by a breach of confidence; and seems to fancy, “good easy man!” that I derived

From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

———— contagio labem

Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

While the epidemic malady was raging from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to Love. Anna Matilda wrote an incomparable piece of nonsense in praise of it; and the two “great luminaries of the age,” as Mr. Bell properly calls them,

some prodigious advantage from it: yet I had written both the poems, and all the notes save one, before I knew that there was such a treasure in existence. He might have seen, if passion had not rendered him as blind as a mill-horse, that I constantly allude to poems published separately in the periodical sheets of the day, and afterwards collected with great parade by Bell and others. I never looked into the *Florence Miscellany* but once; and the only use then made of it, was to extract a sounding passage from the odes of that deep-mouthed Theban, Bertie Great-head, Esq.

fell desperately in love* with each other. From that period, not a day passed without an amatory

* The termination of this "everlasting" attachment was curious. When the genuine enthusiasm of the correspondence (Preface to the Album) had continued for some time, Della Crusca became impatient for a sight of his beloved, and Anna, in evil hour, consented to become visible. What was the consequence !

Tacta places, audita places, *si non videare*
Tota places, neutro *si videare* places.

Mr. Bell, however, tells the story another way. According to him, "Chance alone procured the interview." Whatever procured it, all the lovers of "true poetry," with Mrs. Piozzi at their head, expected wonders from it. The flame that burnt with such ardour, while the lady was yet unseen, they hoped would blaze with unexampled brightness at the sight of the bewitching object. Such were their hopes. But what, as Dr. Johnson gravely asks, are the hopes of man! or indeed of woman!—for this fatal meeting put an end to the whole. With the exception of a marvellous dithyrambic, which Della Crusca wrote while the impression was yet warm upon him, and which consequently gave a most accurate account of it; nothing has since appeared to the honour of Anna Matilda: and the "tenth muse," the "angel," the "goddess," has sunk into an old woman; with the comforting reflection of having mumbled love to an ungrateful swain.

— non hic est sermo padicus
In *vetula*, quoties lascivum intervenit illud
Ζωὴ καὶ Ψυχὴ.

epistle fraught with thunder and lightning, et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.—The fever turned to a frenzy: Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand nameless names caught the infection; and from one end of the kingdom* to the other, all was nonsense and Della Crusca.

Even THEN, I waited with a patience which I can better account for, than excuse, for some one (abler than myself) to step forth to correct the growing depravity of the public taste, and check the inundation of absurdity now bursting upon us from a thousand springs. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming, (for

* Kingdom. This is a trifle. Heaven itself, if we may believe Mrs. Robinson, took part in the general infatuation.

——— “ When midst ethereal fire
 “ Thou strik’st thy DELLA CRUSCAN lyre,
 “ Round to catch the *heavenly* song,
 “ Myriads of *wondering* seraphs throng!”

I almost shudder while I quote: but so it ever is,

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

And Merry had given an example of impious temerity, which this wretched woman was but too eager to imitate.

bed-ridden old women, and girls at their samplers, began to rave,) I determined, without much confidence of success, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers; and accordingly wrote the following Poem.

1800.

WHOEVER has read the first Editions of the *BAVIAD* must have perceived, that its satire was directed against the wretched taste of the followers of the *Cruscan* school, without the slightest reference to their other qualities, moral or political.

In this I should have persevered to the end, had I not been provoked to transgress the bounds prescribed to myself, by the diabolical conduct of one of my heroes, the notorious *Anthony Pasquin*.

This man, who earned a miserable subsistence by working on the fear or vanity of artists, actors, &c. hardened by impunity, flew at length at higher game, and directed his attacks against an *Illustrious Stranger*.

These, which were continued, from day to day, in the *Morning Post*, with a rancour that seemed indefatigable; were, after some time, incorporated with such additional falsehoods as the most savage hostility could supply, and printed in a book, to which Anthony thought fit to prefix his name.

It was now that I first found a fair opportunity for dragging this pest before the public, and setting him up to view in his true light. I was not slow in seizing it, and the immediate consequence was, that an action was commenced, or threatened, against every publisher of the *Baviad*.

If we did not know the horror which these obscure reptiles, who fatten on the filthy dregs of slander and obscenity, feel at being forced into day, we might be justly surprised, that a man who lived by violating the law, should have recourse to it for protection; that a common libeller, who spared no rank nor condition, should cry out on the license of the times, and solicit pity and redress from that community, almost every individual of which he had wantonly and wickedly insulted.

The first, and, indeed, the only trial that came

on, was that of Mr. Faulder, (a name, not often coupled with that of a dealer in libels,) who was not only acquitted, but, by a verdict of his peers, declared to have been unjustly put in a state of accusation.

This Trial, I have been frequently solicited to give ; it is, therefore, subjoined to the present edition, where I hope it will stand as a useful memento to future Anthonys—to teach them, that while they are madly endeavouring to destroy the moral characters of others, they are undermining their own; and that the law will give no redress when it can be proved that no injury has been sustained.

Mr. Garrow was furnished with a number of extracts from Anthony's multifarious productions. I lamented at first, that the impatient indignation of the Jury at the plaintiff's baseness, coinciding with that of the upright Judge who presided, stopped him short, and prevented their being read. But I am now satisfied with the interruption. It is better that such a collection of slander, and obscenity, and treason, and impiety, should moulder in the obscurity to which its ineffable stupidity has condemned it, than that it should be brought

forward to the reprobation and abhorrence of the public.

Mr. Erskine, who did every thing for his client which could be expected from his integrity and abilities, applied in the "next ensuing term" for a new trial.—I have forgotten the motives for this application, but it was resisted by Lord Kenyon; and chiefly on the ground of the marked indignation shewn by the Jury at the plaintiff's infamous conduct and character, and that, even before Mr. Garrow had fully entered into them.

To finish Anthony's history.—His occupation was now gone. As a minister of malevolence he was no longer worth hiring; and as a dispenser of fame, no longer worth feeding. Thus abandoned, without meat and without money, he applied to a charitable Institution for a few guineas, with which he shipped himself off for America,

————— leonum

Arida nutrit.

But he was even here too late: that country had discovered, some time before Anthony reached it, that receiving into its bosom the refuse and offal of every clime, and seemingly for no other reason but

because they were so, was neither the way to grow rich nor respectable. Anthony, had, therefore, no congratulatory addresses presented to him on his arrival, but was left, with hundreds of his poor persecuted brethren, to shift for himself. He accordingly engaged in a New York paper, called "*The Federalist*:" but unfortunately his writings did not happen to hit the taste of his adopted countrymen; for after a few numbers had appeared, he was taken up for a libel, and is now either chained to a wheelbarrow on the Albany road, or rotting in the provincial jail.

I take some little credit to myself for having driven this pernicious pest out of the society upon which he preyed: I say *some little*—for, to be candid, (though I would not have shrunk from any talents in the contest,) the warfare with Anthony was finished ere well begun. Short and slight as it was, however, it furnishes an important lesson. Those general slanderers, those bug-bears of a timid public, are as sneaking as they are insolent, as weak as they are wicked.—Resist them, and like the devil, to use a sacred expression, "Resist them, and they will flee from you."

Though the tautology of "DECLARATIONS" renders them tedious to the generality of readers; yet I think I may venture to recommend Anthony's to their careful perusal. There are some passages in it, thanks to the absurd and inflexible gravity of the person who drew it up, which would have made Heraclitus smile through his tears.

THE BAVIAD.

B

THE BAVIAD;
A
PARAPHRASTIC IMITATION
OF THE
FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

*Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille SONETTAS,
Hic ELEGOS !*

(a) P. **W**HEN I look round on man, and find how
vain

His passions—

F. Save me from this canting strain
Why, who will read it ?

PERS. SAT. I.

(a) O CURAS hominum ! O quantum est in rebus
inane !

Quis leget hæc ! Min' tu istud ais ? Nemo, hercule.
Nemo ?

P. This, my friend, to me?

F. None, by my life.

P. What! none? Sure, two or three—

F. No, no; not one. 'Tis sad; but—

P. “Sad, but!”—Why?

5

Pity is insult here. I care not, I,

Vel duo, vel nemo: turpe et miserabile. Quare?

NOTES.

* *Cui non dictus Hylas?* And who has not heard of James Boswell, Esq.? All the world knows (for all the world has it under his own hand) that he composed a BALLAD in honour of Mr. Pitt, with very little assistance from Dr. Trusler, and less from Mr. Dibdin; which he produced, to the utter confusion of the Foxites, and sang at the Lord Mayor's table. This important “state paper,” thanks to the *scombri, et quicquid ineptis amicitur chartis*, I have not been able to procure; but the terror and dismay which it occasioned amongst the enemy, with a variety of other circumstances highly necessary to be known, may be gathered from the following letter:

To the CONDUCTOR of the WORLD.

SIR,

THE wasps of opposition have been very busy with my *State Ballad*, “the GROCER of LONDON,” and they are welcome. Pray let them know that I am vain of a hasty composition which has procured me large draughts

(b) Tho' Boswell,* of a song and supper vain,
And Bell's whole choir,† (an ever-jingling train,)

(b) Ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint: nugæ.

NOTES.

of that popular applause in which I delight. Let me add, that there was certainly no *servility* on my part; for I publicly declared in Guildhall, between the *encores*, "that this same Grocer had treated me arrogantly and ungratefully; but that, from his great merit as a Minister, I was compelled to support him!"

"The time WILL come, when I shall have a proper opportunity to shew, that in one instance at least, the man has wanted wisdom——"

"JAM. BOS."

Atqui vultus erat multa et præclara minantis!

Poor Bozzy! But I too threaten.—And is there need of thy example, then, to convince us that on

—— our quick'st attempts
The noiseless and inaudible foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them?

† "BELL'S WHOLE CHOIR!" Quousque tantum—Yes, "Sir, I am proud of the insinuation while I despise it. *The owl, they say, was a baker's daughter.* We know what we ARE, but we know not what we MAY BE. Thereby hangs a tale: and the WORLD shall have it—Choice BIOGRAPHY is the boast of MY Paper—Verba sat—I have friends—so

In splay-foot madrigals their powers combine,
 To praise Miles Andrews' verse,* and censure
 mine—

10

NOTES.

"has LAURA MARIA—She is the SAPPHO of the age. I
 "wrong her—The MONTHLY REVIEWERS read GREEK, and
 "they prefer our fair countrywoman. I read Greek too,
 "but I make no boast of it. I sell Mrs. ROBINSON's works,
 "and I know their value—' *It is the bright day that brings*
 "*forth the adder.*'

"YENDA I despise; ANTHONY PASQUIN I execrate—
 "The brilliant effusions of fancy, the bright corruscations
 "of genius only, illuminate the ORACLE—and ARNO and
 "CÆSARIO, names dear to the MUSE OF GLORY, constitute
 "a proud distinction between the *unfading leaves* of the
 "PYTHIAN shrine, and the *perishable records* of the day.

"JOHN BELL."

"P. S. 'BLOCKHEADS with reason'—you know the rest.
 "I fear nothing—yet I love not everlasting feuds—At a
 "word: Will one of my NEW COMMON PLACE BOOKS be
 "acceptable?"

"J. B."

* This gentleman, who has long been known as an industrious paragraph-monger in the morning papers, took it into his head, some time since, to try his hand at a Prologue. Having none of the requisites for this business, he laboured to little purpose; till Dulness, whose attention to her children is truly maternal, suggested to him that

(c) No, not a whit. Let the besotted town
Bestow, as fashion prompts, the laurel crown ;

(c) —Non, si quid turbida Roma
Eleuet, accedas : examenve improbum in illa

NOTES.

unmeaning ribaldry and vulgarity might possibly be substituted for harmony, spirit, taste, and sense.—He caught at the hint, made the experiment, and succeeded to a miracle. Since that period every play-wright from O’Keeffe to Della Crusca, “ a heavy declension !” has been solicitous to preface his labours with a few lines of his manufacturing, to excite and perpetuate the good humour of his audience. As the reader may probably not dislike a short specimen of Mr. Andrews’ wonder-working poetry, I have subjoined the following extract from his last and best performance, his Prologue to Lorenzo.

“ Feg, cries fat Madam Dump, from Wapping Wall,

“ I don’t love plays no longer not at all,

“ They’re now so vulgar, and begin so soon,

“ None but low people dines till afternoon ;

“ Then they mean summat, and the like o’ that,

“ And its impossible to sit and chat.

“ Give me the uppero, where folks come so grand in,

“ And nobody need have no understanding.

“ Ambizione ! del tiranno !

“ Piu forte, piu piano, a che fin—

“ Zounds ! here’s my warrant, and I will come in.

But do not THOU, who mak'st a fair pretence,
 To that best boon of Heav'n, to COMMON SENSE,
 Resign thy judgment to the rout, and pay 15
 Knee-worship to the idol of the day :

For all are——

F. What? Speak freely; let me know.

P. (*d*) O might I! durst I! Then——but let it go :

Castiges trutina : nec te quæssiveris extra.

Nam Römæ est quis non? (d) ah, si fas dicere : sed fas

NOTES.

“ Diavolo; who comes here to so confound us?

“ The constables, to take you to the round-house.

“ De round-house?—Mi!

“ Now comes the dance, the demi caractere,

“ Chacone, the pas de deux, the here the there;

“ And last, the chief high bounding on the loose toe,

“ Or pois'd like any Mercury, O che gusto!”

And this was heard with applause! and this was read with
 delight! O Shame! where is thy blush?

—— morantur

*Pauci ridiculum effugientem ex urbe pudorem.**

* It is rightly observed by Solomon, that you may bray a fool in a mortar without making him wiser. Upon this principle I account for the stationary stupidity of Mr. A.; whose faculties, “ God

Yet, when I view the follies that engage,
 The full-grown children of this piping age ; 20
 See snivelling Jerningham, at fifty, weep
 O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep ;
 See Cowley* frisk it to one ding-dong chime,
 And weekly cuckold her poor spouse in rhyme ;

Tunc, cum ad canitiem, et nostrum istud vivere triste
 Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis,
 Cum sapimus patruos: tunc, tunc. Ignoscite. Nolo.

NOTES.

* For the *poetic* amours of this lady, see the British Album, particularly the poem called the INTERVIEW.

help the while!" do not seem a whit improved by the dreadful pounding which he has received. Of him therefore I wash my hands—but I would fain ask Messrs. Morton and Reynolds, ("the worthy followers of O'Keefe, and the present supporters of the British Stage") whether it be absolutely necessary to introduce their Pieces with such ineffable nonsense as this,—

—" Betty, it's come into my head
 " Old maids grow cross because their cats are dead ;
 " My governess hath been in such a fuss
 " About the death of our old tabby puss.
 " She wears black stockings—ah ! ah ! what a pother,
 " 'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another!"†—

If IT BE NOT—for pity's sake, Gentlemen, spare us the disgrace of

† See the "WILL"—A Bartholomew-fair Farce, by Mr. Reynolds.

See Thrale's grey widow with a satchel roam,
 And bring, in pomp, her labour'd nothings home;
 See Robinson forget her state, and move
 On crutches tow'rd's the grave, to "Light o'Love;"*
 See Parsons,† while all sound advice he scorns,
 Mistake two soft excrescences for horns; 30

NOTES.

* Light o' Love, that's a tune that goes *without a burden*.
 SHAKESPEARE.

† In the first editions of this and the following poem, I had overlooked Mr. Parsons, though an undoubted Bavian. This nettled him. "Ha!" quoth he, "Better be damn'd than mention'd not at all." He accordingly applied to me,‡ (in a circuitous manner, I confess,) and as a particular favour was finally admitted, in the shape of a motto, into the title-page of the Mæviad. These were the lines:

May he who hates not CRUSCA's *sober* verse,
 Love MERRY's *drunken* prose, so smooth and terse;

it; and O Heavens! IF IT BE—deign in mercy sometimes to apply to the Bellman, or the Grave-stone cutter, that we may stand a little chance of having our doggrel ribaldry "with a difference."

‡ PARSONS I know, and this I heard him say,
 Whilst Gifford's harmless page before him lay,
 I too can LAUGH, I was the FIRST BEGINNER.

PARSONS OF HIMSELF, Teleg. March 19.

Quam multi faciunt quod Eros, sed lūmine sicco;
 Pars major lachrymas RIDET, et intus habet!

And butting all he meets, with aukward pains,
 Lay bare his forehead, and expose his brains :
 I scarce can rule my spleen——

NOTES.

The same may rake for sense in PARSONS' skull,
 And shear his hogs, poor fool ! and milk his bull.

The first distich contains what Mr. Burke calls "high matter !" and can only be understood by the initiated ; the second, (would it had never been written !) instead of gratifying the ambition of Mr. Parsons, as I fondly expected, and quieting him for ever, had a most fatal effect upon his poor head, and from an honest pains-taking gentleman converted him, in imagination, into a Minotaur :

*Continuo implevit falsis mugitibus urbem,
 Et sæpe in lævi quæsitivæ CORNUA fronte.*

The Motto appeared on a Wednesday ; and on the Saturday after, the morosoph Este (who appears to have believed in the reality of the metamorphosis) published the first bellowings of Mr. Parsons, with the following introduction :

"ON MR. GIFFORD'S MOTTO."

"The following SPIRITED CHASTISEMENT of the vulgar ignorance and malignity in question, was sent on Thursday night—but by an accidental error in one of our clerks, or in the servant delivering the copy at the office, it was unfortunately mislaid !" —

Why, this is as it should be ;—"the Gods take care of Cato !" Who sees not that they interfered, and by conveying the copy out of the compositor's way, procured the

F. Forbear, forbear :

And what the great delight in, learn to spare. 85

NOTES.

Author of the *Mæviad* two comfortable nights ! But to the "spirited chastisement."—

"Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull produces."

The profundity of the last observation, by the bye, proves Mr. Parsons to be an accurate observer of nature : and if the three Irishmen who went nine miles to suck a bull, and came back a-dry, had fortunately had the honour of his acquaintance, we should probably have heard nothing of their far-famed expedition—

"Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull produces,

"Yet each has something for far different uses :

"For boars, pardie ! have tusks, and bulls have horns."

Η, Νέμεσις δὲ ΚΑΚΑΝ ἐγραψατο ΦΩΝΑΝ.

For from that hour scarcely a week, or indeed a day, has elapsed, in which Mr. Parsons has not made himself ridiculous, by threatening me in the *Telegraph*, *Oracle*, *World*, &c. with those formidable non-entities.

Well and wisely singeth the poet, *non unus mentes agitat furor* : yet while I give an involuntary smile to the oddity of Mr. Parsons's disease, I cannot but lament that his friends, (and a gentleman who is said to belong to more clubs than Sir Watkin Lewes, must needs have friends,) I cannot, I say, but lament that on the first appearance of these knobs, these "excrecences," as I call them, his friends did not have him cut for the simples !

(e) *P.* It must not, cannot be; for I was born,
 To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn;
 On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,
 And hiss preposterous fustian from the stage.

Lo, DELLA CRUSCA !* In his closet pent,
 He toils to give the crude conception vent. 40

(e) *Quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.*
Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,

NOTES.

* LO, DELLA CRUSCA !

" O thou, to whom superior worth's allied,

" Thy country's honour, and the Muses pride—"

So says Laura Maria—

et solem quis dicere falsum

Andeat?

Indeed she says a great deal more; but as I do not understand it, I forbear to lengthen my quotation.

Innumerable Odes, Sonnets, &c. published from time to time in the daily papers, have justly procured this gentleman the reputation of the first poet of the age: but the performance which called forth the high-sounding panegyric abovementioned, is a philosophical rhapsody in praise of the French Revolution, called the "Wreath of Liberty."

Of this poem no reader (provided he can read) is at this time ignorant: but as there are various opinions concern-

Abortive thoughts, that right and wrong confound,
Truth sacrificed to letters, sense to sound,

Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus an-
helet :

NOTES.

ing it, and as I do not choose perhaps to dispute with a lady of Mrs. Robinson's critical abilities, I shall select a few passages from it, and leave the world to judge how truly its author is said to be

———“ gifted with the sacred lyre,

“ Whose sounds can more than mortal thoughts inspire.”

This supernatural effort of genius, then, is chiefly distinguished by three very prominent features.—Downright nonsense. Downright frigidity. Downright doggrel.—Of each of these as the instances occur.

“ Hang o'er his eye the gossamery tear.”

“ Wreath round her airy harp the tim'rous joy.”

“ Recumbent eve rock the reposing tide.”

“ A web-work of despair, a mass of woes.”

“ And o'er my lids the scalding tumour roll.”

“ Tumour, a morbid swelling.” JOHNSON. An excellent thing to roll over an eye, especially if it happen, as in the present case, to be “ scalding.”

———“ summer-tints begemm'd the scene,

“ And silky ocean slept in glossy green.”

“ While air's nocturnal ghost, in paly shroud,

“ Glances with grisly glare from cloud to cloud.”

False glaze, incongruous images, combine ;
And noise and nonsense clatter through the line.

(f) 'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi
lends, 45

And thither summons her blue-stockings friends ;

(f) Scilicet hæc populo, pexusque togaque recenti,
Et natalitia tandem cum sardonyche albus,

NOTES.

“ And gauzy zephyrs, flutt’ring o’er the plain,
“ On twilight’s bosom drop their filmy rain.”

Unus instar omnium ! This couplet staggered me. I should be loth to be found correcting a madman ; and yet mere folly seems unequal to the production of such exquisite nonsense.

——“ the explosion came
“ And burst the o’ercharg’d culverin of shame.”

——“ days of old
“ Their perish’d, proudest, pageantry unfold.”

——“ nothing I descry,
“ But the bare boast of barren heraldry.”

——“ The huntress queen,
“ Showers her shafts of silver o’er the scene.”

To these add, “ moody monarchs,” “ turgid tyrants,”
“ pampered popes,” “ radiant rivers,” “ cooling cataracts,”
“ lazy Loires,” (of which by the bye, there are none) “ gay
“ Garonnes,” “ gloomy glass,” “ mingling murder,”

The summons her blue-stocking friends obey,
Lured by the love of Poetry—and Tea.

The BARD steps forth, in birth-day splendour drest,
His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast; 50
His left extending, so that all may see,
A roll inscribed "THE WREATH OF LIBERTY."
So forth he steps, and with complacent air,
Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair;

*Sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello.*

NOTES.

"dauntless day," "lettered lightnings," "delicious dilat-
"ings," "sinking sorrows," "blissful blessings," "rich
"reasonings," "meliorating mercies," "vicious venali
"ties," "sublunary suns," "dewy vapours damp, that
"sweep the silent swamp;" and a world of others, to be
found in the compass of half a dozen pages.

"In phosphor blaze of genealogic line."

N. B. Written to "the turning of a brazen candlestick."

"O better were it ever to be lost

"In black negation's sea, than reach the coast."

"Should the zeal of parliament be empty words."

—— "doom for a breath

"A hundred reasoning hecatombs to death."

With lemonade he gargles next his throat, 55
 Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note :
 (g) And now 'tis silence all. "GENIUS OR MUSE"*—
 Thus while the flowery subject he pursues,
 A wild delirium round the assembly flies ;
 Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes, 60
 Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands,
 And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.

(g) Hic neque more probo videas, neque voce serena,
 Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum
 Intrans, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.

NOTES.

A hecatomb is a sacrifice of a hundred head of oxen.
 Where did this gentleman hear of their *reasoning*?

"Awhile I'll ruminate on time and fate ;

"And the most probable event of things"—

EUGE, MAGNE POETA ! Well may Laura Maria say,

"That GENIUS glows in every classic line,

"And NATURE dictates—every thing that's thine."

* "GENIUS OR MUSE, whoe'er thou art, whose thrill

"Exalts the fancy, and inflames the will,

"Bids o'er the heart sublime sensation roll,

"And wakes ecstatic fervour in the soul."

See the commencement of the Wreath of Liberty, where

C.

(h) O wretched man ! And dost thou toil to please,
 At this late * hour, such prurient ears as these ?
 Is thy poor pride contented to receive 65
 Such transitory fame as fools can give ?
 Fools, who unconscious of the critics' laws,
 Rain in such show'rs their indistinct applause.
 That THOU, even THOU, who liv'st upon renown,
 And, with eternal puffs, insult'st the town, 70
 Art forced at length to check the idiot roar,
 And cry, " For heaven's sweet sake, no more, no
 " more !"
 " But why (thou say'st) why am I learn'd, why
 " fraught
 " With all the priest and all the sage have taught,

(h) Tun' vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas ?
 Auriculis, quibus et dicas cute perditus, ohe ! [intus
 Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et quæ semel
 Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus ?

NOTES.

our great poet, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, has contrived to fill several quarto pages without a single idea.

* At this late hour—I learn from Della Crusca's lamentations, that he is declined into the vale of years; that the

" If the huge mass within my bosom pent, 75

" Must struggle there, despairing of a vent?"

(i) THOU learn'd ! Alas, for learning ! She is sped.

And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy head,

And broke thy rest for THIS, for THIS alone ?

And is thy knowledge nothing if not known ? 80

O lost to sense ! — (k) But still, thou criest, 'tis
sweet,

To hear " That's HE !" from every one we meet ;

That's HE whom critic Bell declares divine,

For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine ;

Whom Magazines, Reviews, conspire to praise, 85

And Greathead calls, the Homer of our days.

(i) En pallor, seniumque. O mores ! usque adeone

Scire tuum, nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter ?

(k) At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, Hic
est :

Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse

NOTES.

women say to him, as they formerly said to Anacreon,
Γὰρ ἡμεῖς and that Love, about two years since,

" — tore his name from his bright page,

" And gave it to approaching age."

F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name,
Thus blazon'd by the GENERAL VOICE of fame ?

P. Nay, it were every thing, did THAT dispense
The sober verdict found by taste and sense : 90
But mark OUR jury. O'er the flowing bowl,
When wine has drown'd all energy of soul,
Ere FARO comes, (a dreary interval !)
For some fond fashionable lay they call.
Here the spruce ensign, tottering on his chair, 95
With lisping accent, and affected air,
Recounts the wayward fate* of that poor poet,
Who born for anguish, and disposed to show it,

Pro nihilo pendas ? Ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ sature, quid dia poemata narrent.
Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna
est,

Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile si quid,
Eliquat, et tenero supplantat verba palato.

NOTES.

* Recounts the wayward fate, &c.—In the INTERVIEW,
(see the British Album,) the lover finding his mistress inexorable, comforts himself, and justifies her, by boasting

Did yet so awkwardly his means employ,
 That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy ! 100
 Lost in amaze at language so divine,
 The audience hiccup, and exclaim, " Damn'd fine !"
 And are not now the author's ashes blest ?
 Lies not the turf now lightly on his breast ?
 Do not sweet violets now around him bloom ? 105
 Laurels now burst spontaneous from his tomb ?——

Assensere viri. Nunc non cinis ille poetæ
 Felix ? non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa ?
 Laudant convivæ : nunc non e manibus illis,
 Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla,
 Nascentur violæ ? Rides, ait, et nimis uncis
 Naribus indulges : an erit, qui velle recuset

NOTES.

how well he can play the fool. And never did Don Quixote exhibit half so many extravagant tricks in the Sierra Morena, for the *beaux yeux* of his Dulcinea, as our distracted amoroso threatens to perform for the no less beautiful ones of Anna Matilda.

" Yes, I will prove that I deserve my fate,
 " Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate ;
 " With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,
 " That envying fiends shall think it ecstasy," &c.

F. This is mere mockery : and (in your ear)
 Reason is ill refuted by a sneer.
 Is praise an evil ? Is there to be found,
 One, so indifferent to its soothing sound, 110
 As not to wish hereafter to be known,
 And make a long futurity his own ;
 Rather than—

P.—With 'Squire Jerningham descend
 To pastry cooks and moths, " and there an end !"
 (*l*) O thou, who deign'st this homely scene to share,
 Thou know'st, when chance (tho' this indeed be
 rare*) 116

Os populi meruisse ; et cedro digna locutus,
 Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus ?
 (*l*) Quisquis es, O, modo quem ex adverso dicere
 feci,

NOTES.

* Thou know'st, when chance, &c. — To see how a Cruscan can blunder ! Mr. Parsons thus politely comments on this unfortunate hemistich :

" Thou lowest of the imitating race,
 " Thou imp of satire, and thou foul disgrace ;
 " Who callest *each* coarse phrase a lucky hit," &c.

Alas ! no : But this is of a piece with his *qui-pro-quo* on the preface to the *Mæviad*—where, on my saying that

With random gleams of wit has graced my lays,
 Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.
 Not mine the soul which pants not after fame :—
 Ambitious of a poet's envied name, 120
 I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove,
 The grateful influence of the stream I love.

And yet, my friend—though still, at praise be-
 stow'd,
 Mine eye has glisten'd, and my cheek has glow'd,

Non ego, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,
 Quando hæc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
 Laudari metuam; neque enim mihi cornea fibra est :

NOTES.

I had laid the poem aside for two years, he exultingly exclaims, "Soh! it was two years in hand then!"

Mr. Parsons is highly celebrated, I am told, for his skill in driving a bargain: it is to be presumed that he does it with his spectacles on.—But, indeed, he began with a blunder:—if he had read my motto carefully, he must have seen that I never taxed him with keeping a bull for his own milking; no; it was the infatuated man who looked for sense in Mr. Parsons' skull; that was charged with this solecism in œconomicks. And yet the bare belief of it produced the metamorphosis which I have already noticed, and which his friends have not yet ceased to deplore.

Yet, when I prostitute the lyre to gain 125
 The Euges which await the modish strain,
 May the sweet Muse my groveling hopes withstand,
 And tear the strings indignant from my hand !
 Nor think that, while my verse too much I prize,
 Too much th' applause of fashion I despise ; 130
 For mark to what 'tis given, and then declare,
 Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care.
 —Is it not giv'n to Este's unmeaning dash,
 To Topham's fustian, Reynolds' flippant trash,
 To Morton's catch-word,* Greathead's idiot line,
 And Holcroft's Shug-lane cant,† and Merry's Moor-
 fields whine,‡

Sed recti, finemque, extremumque, esse recuso
 Euge tuum, et belle; nam belle hoc excute totum.
 Quid non intus habet? Non hîc est Ilias Acci
 Ebria veratro? non si qua elegidia crudi
 Dictarunt procures? non quidquid denique lectis
 Scribitur in citreis?

NOTES.

* Morton's catch-word.—WONDERFUL is the profundity of the Bathos! I thought that O'Keefe had reached the bottom of it; but, as uncle Bowling says, I thought a

(*m*) Skill'd in one useful science, at the least,
The great man comes, and spreads a sumptuous
feast :

(*m*) Calidum scis ponere sumen,

NOTES.

d—n'd lie: for Holcroft, Reynolds, and Morton, have sunk beneath him. They have happily found

In the *lowest* deep a *lower* still,

and persevere in exploring it with an emulation which does them honour.

† And Holcroft's Shug-lane cant. This is a poor stupid wretch, to whom infidelity and disloyalty have given a momentary notoriety, which has imposed upon the oscitancy of the managers, and opened the theatre to two or three of his grovelling and senseless productions.

Will future ages believe that this facetious triumvirate should think nothing more to be necessary to the construction of a play, than an eternal repetition of some contemptible vulgarity, such as "That's your sort!" "Hey, damme!" "What's to pay!" "Keep moving," &c. They will: for they will have blockheads of *their* own, who will found their claims to celebrity, on similar follies. What, however, they will never credit is—that these drivellings of idiotism, these catch-words, should actually preserve their respective authors from being hooted off the stage. No, they will not believe that an English audience could be so besotted, so brutified, as to receive such senseless exclamations with bursts of laughter, with peals of applause. I

Then, when his guests behold the prize at stake;
 And thirst and hunger only, are awake, 141
 My friends, he cries, what think the galleries, pray,
 And what the boxes, of my last new play ?

Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna :
 Et verum, inquis, amo ; verum mihi dicite de me.
 Qui pote ? vis dicam ? nugaris——

NOTES.

cannot believe it myself, though I have witnessed it.
 Haud credo—if I may reverse the good father's position—
 Haud credo, quia possibile est.

‡ Merry's Moorfields whine.—In a most wretched rhapsody of incomprehensible nonsense, addressed by this gentleman to Mrs. Robinson, which she, in her *valuable* poems, (page 100) calls a charming composition, abounding in lines of exquisite beauty, is the following rant :

“ Conjure up demons from the main ;
 “ Storms upon storms indignant heap,
 “ Bid ocean howl, and nature weep,
 “ Till the Creator *blush to see*
 “ *How horrible his world can be :*
 “ While I will GLORY TO BLASPHEME,
 “ AND MAKE THE JOYS OF HELL MY THEME.”

The reader, perhaps, wonders what dreadful event gave birth to these fearful imprecations. As far as I can collect from the poem, it was, the momentary refusal of the afore-said Mrs. Robinson—to open her eyes! Surely, it is most

Speak freely;—tell me all :—come, be sincere;
 For truth, you know, is music to my ear. 145
 They speak! alas, they cannot. But shall I?
 I, who receive no bribe? who dare not lie?
 This, then :—“ That worse was never writ before,
 “ Nor worse will be, till — thou shalt write once
 more.”

(n) Blest be “ two-headed Janus!” though
 inclined, 150

No waggish stork can peck at him behind;
 He no wry mouth, no lolling tongue can fear,
 Nor the brisk twinkling of an ass’s ear :

(n) O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
 Nec manus auriculus imitata est mobilis albas,
 Nec linguæ, quantum sitiât canis Appula, tantæ.
 Vos, O patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
 Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrîte sannæ.

NOTES.

devoutly to be wished that these poor creatures would
 recollect amidst their frigid ravings and common-place
 extravagances, that excellent maxim of POPE—

“ Persist, by nature, reason, taste, unaw’d;
 “ But learn, ye Dunces, not to scorn your Gon.”

But you, ye St. Johns, curs'd with one poor head,
 Alas! what mockeries have not ye to dread! 155

(o) Hear now our guests.—The critics, Sir! they
 cry—

Merit like yours, the critics may defy:
 But this, indeed, they say—"Your varied rhymes,
 "At once the boast and envy of the times,
 "In every page, song, sonnet, what you will, 160
 "Shew boundless genius, and unrivall'd skill.
 "If comedy be yours, the searching strain,
 "Blends such sweet pleasure with corrective pain,
 "That e'en the guilty at their sufferings smile,
 "And bless the lancet, tho' they bleed the while. 165
 "If tragedy, th' impassion'd numbers flow
 "In all the sad variety of woe,
 "With such a liquid lapse, that they betray
 "The breast unwares, and steal the soul away."

(o) Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina
 molli

Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per leve severos
 Effundat junctura ungues—
 Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
 Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa poetæ.

(p) Thus fool'd, the moon-struck tribe, whose
best essays, 170

Sunk in acrostics, riddles, roundelays,
To loftier labours now pretend a call,
And bustle in heroics, one and all.

* Ev'n Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to sing—
Bertie, who lately twitter'd to the string 175
His namby-pamby madrigals of love,
In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,
Where airy lays,† woven by the hand of morn,
Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn !

(p) Ecce modo heroas sensus afferre videmus
Nugari solitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum
Artifices, nec rus saturum laudare:—Euge, poeta !
Est nunc Brisæi quem venosus liber Acci

NOTES.

* Ev'n Bertie, &c.—For Bertie (Greathead, I think they call him,) see the Mæviad.

† Where airy lays, &c.

“ Was it the shuttle of the morn

“ That hung upon the cobweb'd thorn

“ Thy airy lay ? Or did it rise,

“ In thousand rich enamell'd dyes.

“ To greet the noon-day sun,” &c.

ALBUM, vol. ii.

Happy the soil, where bards like mushrooms
rise, 180

And ask no culture but what Byshe supplies !
Happier the bards, who, write what'er they will,
Find gentle readers to admire them still !

Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose ; 185
Which read, and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder—what it is about.
These fancy "BELL'S POETICS" only sweet,
And intercept his hawkers in the street ;
There, smoking hot, inhale MIT YENDA's* strains,
And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN's brains.† 190

Sunt quos Pacuviusque, et verrucosa moretur
Antiopa, ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.

NOTES.

* MIT YENDA. This is Mr. Tim, alias Mr. Timothy Adney, a most pertinacious gentleman, who makes a conspicuous figure in the daily papers under the ingenious signature above cited ; it being, as the reader already sees, his own name read backward. "Gentle dulness ever loves a joke!"

Of his prodigious labours I have nothing by me but the following stanza, taken from what he calls his Poor Man :

Others, like Kemble, on black letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore ;

NOTES.

“ Reward the bounty of your generous hand,
“ Your head each night in comfort shall be *laid*,
“ And plenty smile throughout your fertile land,
“ While I do hasten to the silent *grave*.”

“ Good-morrow, my worthy masters and mistresses all ;
“ and a merry Christmas to you !”

I have been guilty of a misnomer. Mr. Adney has politely informed me, since the above was written, that his Christian name is not Timothy but Thomas. The Anagram in question, therefore must be *MOT YENDA* ; omitting the *n*, *exphoniae gratia*. I am happy in an opportunity of doing justice to so correct a gentleman, and I pray him to continue his valuable lucubrations.

† *TONY PASQUIN*.—I have too much respect for my reader to affront him with any specimens of this man’s poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond example : at the same time I cannot resist the temptation of presenting him with the following stanzas, written by a friend of mine, and sufficiently illustrative of the character in question :

“ *To ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.*

“ Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,
“ The name of *Pasquin* to thy ribbald strains ?
“ Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see
“ Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains ?

Buy at vast sums the *trash* of ancient days,
 And draw on prodigality for praise. 195
 These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
 Has bless'd them with "*The Boke of gode advice*,"

NOTES.

- " But thou mistak'st: for know, tho' Pasquin's head
 " Be full as hard, and near as thick, as thine;
 " Yet has the world admiring on it read
 " Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.
- " While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring
 " But impudence and filth; for out, alas!
 " Do what we will, 'tis still the same vile thing,
 " Within, all brick-dust—and without, all brass.
- " Then blot the name of PASQUIN from thy page:
 " Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.
 " Some other would'st thou take? I dare engage
 " JOHN WILLIAMS, or Tom Fool, will do as well."
-

TONY has taken my friend's advice, and now sells, or attempts to sell his "riff-raff" under the name of JOHN WILLIAMS.

It has been represented to me, that I should do well to avoid all mention of this man; from a consideration that one so lost to every sense of decency and shame, was a fitter object for the Beadle than the Muse. This has induced me to lay aside a second castigation which I had prepared for

For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.

(*q*) And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are
placed, 200

By thoughtless fashion, on the throne of taste—
Say, can we wonder whence this jargon flows,
This motley fustian, neither verse no prose,

(*q*) Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quærisque unde hæc sartago loquendi

NOTES.

him, though I do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written.

HERE on the rack of Satire let him lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.

One word more. I am told that there are men so weak as to deprecate this miserable object's abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his praise—for such I have nothing but pity;—though the fate of Hastings, see the “Pin-basket to the Children of Thespis,” holds out a dreadful lesson to the latter:—but should there be a man, or a woman, however high in rank, base enough to purchase the venal pen of this miscreant for the sake of traducing innocence and virtue; then—I was about to threaten, but 'tis not necessary: the profligate cowards who employ Antony can know no severer punishment than the support of a man whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch is poison.

D

This old, new, language which defiles our page ;
The refuse and the scum of every age ? 205

(r) Lo, Beaufoy * tells of Afric's barren sand,
In all the flowery phrase of fairy land :

Venerit in linguas ? unde istud dedecus ?——

(r) —— crimina rasis

Librat in antithetis ; doctas posuisse figuras
Laudatur ; bellum hoc. Hoc bellum ? An Romule,
ceves ?

NOTES.

* Lo ! Beaufoy &c.—“ The feet are *accommodated* with
“ shoes,† and the head is *protected* by a—woollen nightcap.”

AFRICAN ASSOCIATION, p. 139.

“ From this scene of gladsome contrast, i. e. from the
“ mountain of Zilau (p. 288), whose rugged sides are
“ marked with scanty spots of brushwood, and enriched
“ with stores of water, to the long ascent of the broad rock

† Shoes.—By your leave, master critic, here is a small
oversight in your quotation. The gentleman does not say
their feet are accommodated with *shoes*, but with *slippers*.
For the rest, *accommodate*, as I learn, is a scholar-like word,
and a word of exceeding great propriety. “ *Accommodate* !
it comes from *accommodo* : that is, when a man's feet are,
as they say, accommodated : or when they are—being—
whereby they may be thought to be accommodated : which
is an excellent thing !”

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

There Fezzan's thrum-capp'd tribes, Turks, Christians, Jews,

Accommodate, ye gods! their feet with shoes;

There *meagre* shrubs *inveterate* mountains grace, 210

And *brushwood* breaks the *amplitude of space*.

Perplex'd with terms so vague and undefined,

I blunder on; till wilder'd, giddy, blind,

Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;

And call for Mandeville, to ease my head. 215

Oh for the good old times! WHEN all was new,

And every hour brought prodigies to view,

Our sires in unaffected language told,

Of streams of amber, and of rocks of gold:

Full of their theme, they spurn'd all idle art; 220

And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.

NOTES.

"of Gerdobah (p. 289), from whose inflexible barrenness
"little is to be got—from this scene, I say, of gladsome
"contrast to the *inveterate* mountains of Gegogib, &c."

"In the long course of a seven-days passage, the traveller is scarcely sensible that a few spots of thin and
"*meagre* brushwood slightly interrupt the vast expanse of
"sterility, and diminish the amplitude of desolation!!!"

Now all is changed ! We fume and fret, poor elves,
 Less to display our subject, than ourselves :
 Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
 Heavens, how we sweat ! laboriously absurd ! 225
 Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,
 In rattling triads the long sentence bound ;
 While points with points, with periods periods jar,
 And the whole work seems one continued war !
 It not THIS sad ?

F. “ ’Tis pitiful, heav’n knows, 230
 “ ’Tis wond’rous pitiful.” E’en take the prose ;
 But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
 I still aspire—nay, smile not,—to defend.
 (s) You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with
 force,
 Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse ;

(s) Sed numeris decor est, et junctura addita
 crudis.

Claudere sic versum didicit Berecynthius Atin,
 Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin.
 Sic costam longo subduximus Appennino.

We want their *strength*; agreed : but we atone 236
 For that, and more, by *sweetness* ALL OUR OWN.
 For instance—" * Hasten to the lawny vale,
 " Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,
 " And bathes the landscape—"

P. Pshaw; I have it here. 240

" A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear :
 " Wond'ring I gaze ; when lo ! methought afar,
 " More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
 " A godlike form advances."

F. You suppose

These lines, perhaps, too turgid ; what of those ? 215
 " THE MIGHTY MOTHER(*t*)—"

P. Now 'tis plain you sneer,
 For Weston's † self could find no semblance here :

(*t*) ARMA VIRUM——"

NOTES.

* Hasten, &c.—This and the following quotation are taken from the "Laurel of Liberty," a work on which the great author most justly rests his claim to immortality. See p. 18.

† Weston.—This indefatigable gentleman has been long employed in attacking the moral character of Pope in the Gentleman's Magazine, with all the virulence of Gildon, all

Weston ! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells, like a filthy toad, with secret spite,
And, envying the fame he cannot hope, 250
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
—Reptile accurs'd !—O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,

NOTES.

the impudence of Smedley, and all the ignorance of Curl and his associates.

What the views of the bland Sylvanus may be, in standing cap in hand, and complacently holding open the door of the temple, for nearly two years, to this " execrable*" Erostratus, I know not. He cannot surely be weak enough to suppose that an obscure scribbler like this, has any charges to bring against our great poet, which escaped the vigilant malevolence of the Westons of the Dunciad. Or if ever, from the " natural goodness of his heart," he cherished so laudable a supposition, he ought (whatever it may cost him) to forego it; when, after twenty months preparation, nothing is produced but an exploded accusation taken from the most common edition of the Dunciad !

It has been suggested to me, that this nightman of literature designs to reprint as much as can be collected of the heroes of the Dunciad.—If it be so, the dirty work of

* Such is the epithet applied to Pope by the " virtuous indignant" of this " amiable" traducer of worth and genius !

O injured bard ! accept the grateful strain,
 Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train, 255
 With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
 For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay !
 So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
 Inform the simple, and delight the sage ;
 While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome rhymes,
 Stink in the nose of all succeeding times ! 261
 (u) Enough. But where (for these, you seem to say,
 Are samples of the high, heroic lay)

(u) Quidnam igitur tenerum et laxa cervice legendum ?

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
 Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
 Bassaris————

NOTES.

traducing Pope may be previously necessary ; and prejudice itself must own, that he has shewn uncommon penetration in the selection of the blind and outrageous mercenary now so laboriously employed in it.

Whatever be the design, the proceedings are by no means inconsistent with the plan of a work which may not unaptly be styled THE CHARNEL-HOUSE OF REPUTATION, and which, from the days of Lauder to the present, has delighted to asperse every thing venerable amongst us—which accused

Where are the soft, the tender strains, which call
 For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd
 drawl? 265

Lo! here—" * Can'st thou, Matilda, urge my fate,
 " And bid me mourn thee?—yes, and mourn too
 late!

NOTES.

Swift of lust, and Addison of drunkenness; which insulted the ashes of Toup while they were yet warm, and gibbeted poor Henderson alive; which affected to idolize the great and good Howard, while idolatry was painful to him; and the moment he fell, gloriously fell, in the exercise of the most sublime virtue, attempted to stigmatise him as a brute and a monster!

* Canst thou, Matilda, &c. (vide Album, vol. ii.)—Matilda! " nay then, I'll never trust a madman again." It was but a few minutes since, that Mr. Merry died for the love of Laura Maria; and now is he about to do the same thing for the love of Anna Matilda?

What the ladies may say to such a swain, I know not; but certainly he is too prone to run wild, die, &c. &c. Such indeed is the combustible nature of this gentleman, that he takes fire at every female signature in the papers: and I remember, that when Olaudo Equiano, (who, for a black, is not ill-featured,) tried his hand at a soft sonnet, and by mistake subscribed it *Olauda*, Mr. Merry fell so desperately in love with him, and " yelled out such syllables of " *dolour*" in consequence of it, that " the pitiful-hearted"

" O rash, severe decree ! my maddening brain
 " Cannot the ponderous agony sustain ;
 " But forth I rush, from vale to mountain run, 270
 " And with my mind's thick gloom obscure the
 " sun."

(v) Heavens ! if our ancient vigour were not fled,
 Could **VERSE** like this be written ? or be read ?
VERSE ! **THAT'S** the mellow fruit of toil intense,
 Inspired by genius, and inform'd by sense ; 275
THIS, the abortive progeny of Pride,
 And Dulness, gentle pair, for aye allied ;
 Begotten without thought, born without pains,
 The ropy drivell of rheumatic brains.

(v) Hæc fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni
 Viveret in nobis ? summa delumbe saliva,
 Hoc natat in labris : et in udo est Mænas et Atin ;
 Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit unguës.

NOTES.

negro was frightened at the mischief he had done, and
 transmitted in all haste the following correction to the
 editor—For *OlaudA*, please to read *OlaudO*, the black
 " MAN."

F. (w) So let it be : and yet, methinks, my friend,
 Silence were wise, where satire will not mend. 281
 Why wound the feelings of our noble youth,
 And grate their tender ears with odious truth ?
 They cherish Arno * and his flux of song,
 And hate the man who tells 'em they are wrong.
 Your fate already I foresee. My Lord, 286
 With cold respect, will freeze you from his board

(w) Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
 Auriculas ? vide sis, ne majorum tibi forte
 Limina frigescent : sonat hîc de nare canina

NOTES.

* Of the talents of this *spes altera Romæ*, this second hope of the age, the following stanzas will afford a sufficient specimen. They are taken from a ballad which Mr. Bell, an admirable judge of these matters, calls a "very mellifluous one; easy, artless, and unaffected."

" Gently o'er the rising billows
 " Softly steals the bird of night,
 " Rustling thro' the bending willows ;
 " Fluttering pinions mark her flight.
 " Whither now in silence bending,
 " Ruthless winds deny thee rest ;
 " Chilling night-dews fast descending
 " Glisten on thy downy breast.

And his Grace cry, "Hence with that sapient
"sneer!

"Hence! we desire no currish critic here."

P. Enough. (*x*) Thank heaven! my error now

I see, 290

And all shall be divine, henceforth, for me:

Yes, Andrews' doggrel, Greathead's idiot line,

And Morton's catch-word, all, forsooth, divine!

Litera. (*x*) Per me equidem sint omnia protinus
alba.

NOTES.

"Seeking some kind hand to guide thee

"*Wistful* turns thy *fearful* eye;

"*Trembling* as the willows *hide* thee,

"*Shelter'd* from th' inclement sky."

The story of this poor owl, who was at one and the same-time at sea and on land, silent and noisy, sheltered and exposed, is continued through a few more of these "melli-fluous" stanzas, which the reader, I doubt not, will readily forgive me for omitting; more especially if he reads the ORACLE, a paper honoured—as the grateful editor very properly has it—by the effusions of this "artless" gentleman above all others.

N. B. On looking again, I find the owl to be a night-ingale!—N'importe.

It was said of Theophilus Cibber, (I think by Goldsmith,)

F. 'Tis well. Here let th' indignant stricture
 cease,
 And LEEDS at length enjoy his fool in peace. 295

Nil moror : euge, omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis
 res.

Hoc juvat : hîc inquis, veto, quisquam faxit oletum.
 Pingue duos angues : pueri, sacer est locus, extra

NOTES.

that as he grew older, he grew never the better. Much the same (*mutatis mutandis*) may be said of the gentlemen of the Baviad. After an interval of two years, I find the "mellifluous" ARNO celebrating Mrs. Robinson's Novel in strains like these.

" For the ORACLE.

" SONNET to Mrs. ROBINSON,

" Upon reading her VANCENZA.

" WHAT never-ceasing Music ! From the throne

" Where sweetest SENSIBILITY enshrin'd

" Pours out her tender triumphs, all alone

" To every murmuring breeze of passing wind !

" O, blest with all the lovely lapse of Song,

" That bathes with purest balm the soften'd breast,

" I see thee urge thy Fancy's course along

" The solemn glooms of GOTHIC piles unblest.

P. Come then, around their works a circle draw,
 And near it plant the dragons of the law,
 With labels writ, "Critics, far hence remove,
 "Nor dare to censure what the great approve."
I go. (y) Yet Hall could lash with noble rage,
 The purblind patron of a former age ; 301
 And laugh to scorn th' eternal sonneteer,
 Who made goose-pinions and white rags so dear.
 Yet Oldham, in his rude, unpolish'd strain,
 Could hiss the clamorous, and deride the vain, 305
 Who bawl'd their rhymes incessant thro' the town,
 Or bribed the hawkers for a day's renown.

Mejite ; (*y*) discedo : secuit Lucilius urbem,
 Te Lupe, te Muti, et genuinum fregit in illis.

NOTES.

"VANCENZA rises—o'er her time-touch'd spires

"GUILT *unrevealed* hovers with killing dew,

"Frustrates the fondness of the VIRGIN's fires,

"And bares the *murderous* CASKET to her view.

"The thrilling pulse creeps back upon each Heart,

"And HORROR lords it by thy fascinating Art."

"ARNO."

Et vitula tu dignus, et hæc! The Novel is worthy of
 the Poetry; the Poetry of the Novel.

Whate'er the theme, with honest warmth they
wrote,

Nor cared what Mutius of their freedom thought :
Yet prose was venial in that happy time, 310
And life had other business than to rhyme.

(z) And may not I—now this pernicious pest,
This metromania, creeps thro' every breast ;
Now fools and children void their brains by loads,
And itching grandams spawl lascivious odes ; 315
Now lords and dukes, curs'd with a sickly taste,
While Burns' pure healthful nurture runs to waste,
Lick up the spittle of the bed-rid muse,
And riot on the sweepings of the stews ;
Say, may not I expose—

(z) Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe ?
Nusquam.

Hic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle :
Auriculas asini Mida rex habet. Hoc ego opertum,
Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
Iliade. Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis.
Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure.

F. No—'tis unsafe : 320

Prudence, my friend.

P. What! not deride? not laugh?

Well! thought at least is free—

F. O yet forbear.

P. Nay, then, I'll dig a pit, and bury there,
The dreadful truth which so alarms thy fears :

THE TOWN, THE TOWN, GOOD PIT, HAS ASSES EARS!

Thou think'st perhaps, this wayward fancy strange ;

So think thou still : yet would not I exchange

The secret humour of this simple hit

For all the Albums that were ever writ.

Of this, no more.—O THOU, (if yet there be, 330

One bosom from this vile infection free,)

THOU who canst thrill with joy, or glow with ire,

As the great masters of the song inspire,

Canst bend enraptured o'er the magic page,

Where desperate ladies desperate lords engage, 335

Gnomes, Sylphs, and Gods, the fierce contention

share,

And heaven and earth hang trembling on a hair :

Canst quake with horror, while Emilia's charms

Against a brother point a brother's arms ;

And trace the fortune of the varying fray, 340
 While hour on hour flits unperceived away—
 Approach : 'twixt hope and fear I wait. O deign,
 To cast a glance on this incondite strain :
 Here, if thou find one thought but well exprest,
 One sentence, higher finish'd than the rest, 345
 Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,
 And smooth thy forehead with a gracious smile,
 I ask no more. (a) But far from me the throng,
 Who fancy fire in Laura's vapid song,
 Who Anna's bedlam-rant for sense can take, 350
 And over *Edwin's mewlings keep awake ;

(a) Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit,
 Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
 Fregerit heminas—
 His mane edictum, post prandia Calliroën do.

NOTES.

* *Edwin's Mewlings, &c.*)—We come now to a character of high respect, the profound Mr. T. Vaughan, who, under the alluring signature of Edwin, favours us from time to time with a melancholy poem on the death of a bug, the flight of an earwig, the miscarriage of a cock-chaffer, or some other event of equal importance.

His last work was an "Επιταφιος," (blessings on his learn-

Yes, far from me, whate'er their birth or place,
 These long-ear'd judges of the Phrygian race,
 Their censure and their praise alike I scorn,
 And hate the laurel by their followers worn ! 355

NOTES.

ing!) which, I take for granted, means *an Epitaph*, on a mouse that broke her heart: and, as it was a matter of great consequence, he very properly made the introduction as long as the poem itself. Hear how gravely he prologiseth.

“ *On a lame mouse, which belonged to a lady who saved its life, constantly fed it, and even wept, (poor lady!) at its approaching death. The mouse’s eyes actually dropped out of its head, (poor mouse!) THE DAY BEFORE IT DIED.*”

Επιταφίον.

“ This feeling mouse, whose heart was warm’d
 “ By Pity’s purest ray,
 “ Because her Mistress dropt a tear,
 “ Wept both her eyes away.

“ By sympathy depriv’d of light,
 “ She one day’s darkness tried ;
 “ The grateful tear no more could flow,
 “ So lik’d it not, and died

E

Let such, (a task congenial to their powers,)
At sales and auctions waste the morning hours,

NOTES.

" May we, when others weep for us,
" The debt with int'rest pay—
" And, when the gen'rous fonts are dry,
" Revert to native clay."

" EDWIN."

Mr. T. Vaughan has asserted that he is not the author of this matchless *Επιταφιος*, with such spirit, and retorted upon one Baviad, (whom the learned gentleman takes to be a man,) with such strength of argument, and elegance of diction, that it would wrong both him and the reader, to give it in any words but his own.

" Well said, Baviad the correct!—And so the profound
" Mr. T. Vaughan, as you politely style him, writes under
" the alluring signature of Edwin, does he? and therefore a
" very proper subject for your satiric malignity!—But
" suppose for a moment, as the *truth* and the *fact* is, that
" this gentleman never did use that signature upon any
" occasion, in whatever he may have written: Do not you,
" the identical Baviad, in that case, for your unprovoked
" abuse of him, immediately fall under your own character
" of that Nightman of Literature you so liberally assign
" Weston? And like him too, if there is any truth in what
" you say or write, do you not

" Swell like a filthy toad with secret spite? .

" The ayes have it. And should you not be as well versed
" in your favourite Author's Fourth Satire, as you are in the

While the dull noon away in Rumford's fane,
And snore the evening out at Drury-lane.

NOTES.

"First, with your leave, I will *quote* from it *two* emphatic
" lines:

" Into themselves how few, how few descend,
" And act, at home, the free impartial friend !
" None see their own, but all with ready eye
" The pendant wallet on a neighbour spy ;
" And like a Baviad will recount his shame,
" Tacking his *very errors to his name.*"

" ORACLE, 12th Jan."

And to *whose* name should they be tacked, but the author's? Let not the reader, however, imagine the absurdity to proceed from Persius, or his ingenious translator. "The truth and the fact is," that our learned brother, having a small change to make in the two last lines, blundered them with his usual acuteness into nonsense. He is not much more happy when he accuses me of calling WESTON "the Nightman of Literature:"—But when a gentleman does not know what he writes, it is a little hard to expect him to know what he reads. After all, Edwin or not, our egregious friend is still the PROFOUND Mr. T. Vaughan.

THE MÆVIAD.

Qui BAVIUM non edit, amet tua carmina MÆVI.

IN the INTRODUCTION to the preceding pages, a brief account is given of the rise and progress of that spurious species of poetry, which lately infested this metropolis, and gave occasion to the BAVIAD.

I was not ignorant of what I exposed myself to, by the publication of that work. If abuse could have affected me, I should not probably have made a set of people my enemies, habituated to ill language, and possessed of such convenient vehicles * for its dissemination. But I never regarded it from

NOTES.

* Most of these fashionable writers were connected with the public prints. Della Crusca was a worthy coadjutor of the mad and malignant idiot who conducted the World. Arno, and Lorenzo, were either proprietors or editors of another paper. Edwin and Anna Matilda, were favoured contributors to several; and Laura Maria, from the sums

such hands ; and, indeed, deprecated nothing but their praise. I respect, in common with every man of sense, the censure of the wise and good : but the angry ebullitions of folly unmasked, and vanity mortified, pass by me, “ like the idle wind ;” or, if noticed, serve merely to grace succeeding editions of the Baviad.

I confess, however, that the work was received more favourably than I expected. Bell, indeed, and a few others, whose craft was touched, vented their indignation in prose, and verse : but, on the whole, the clamour against me was not loud ; and was lost by insensible degrees in the applauses of such as I was truly ambitious to please.

Thus supported, the good effects of the satire (*gloriosè loquor*) were not long in manifesting themselves. Della Crusca appeared no more in the

NOTES.

squandered on puffs, could command a corner in all. This wretched woman, indeed, in the wane of her beauty fell into merited poverty, exchanged poetry for politics, and wrote abusive trash against the government at the rate of two guineas a week, for the Morning Post.

Oracle, and, if any of his followers ventured to treat the town with a soft sonnet, it was not, as before, introduced by a pompous preface. Pope and Milton resumed their superiority; and Este and his coadjutors, silently acquiesced in the growing opinion of their incompetency, and shewed some sense of shame.

With this I was satisfied. I had taken up my pen for no other end: and was quietly retiring, with the idea that I had “done the state some service;” and purposing to abandon for ever the cæstus, which a respectable critic fancies I wielded “with too much severity;” when I was once more called into the lists,* by the re-appearance of some of the scattered enemy.

NOTES.

* I hope no one will do me the injustice to suppose that I imagine myself another Hercules, contending with Hydras, &c. Far from it. My enemies cannot well have an humbler opinion of me, than I have of myself; and yet, “if I am not ashamed of them, I am a soused gurnet.” Mere pecora inertia! The contest is without danger, and the victory without glory. At the same time, I declare against any undue advantage being taken of these concessions. Though I knew the impotence of these literary

It was not enough that the stream of folly flowed more sparingly in the Oracle than before; I was determined

To have the current in *that place* damm'd up;

and accordingly began the present poem — for which, indeed, I had by this time other reasons. I had been told that there were still a few admirers of the Cruscan school, who thought the contempt expressed for it was not sufficiently justified by the few passages produced in the Baviad. I thought it best, therefore, to exhibit the tribe of Bell once more; and, as they passed in review before me, to make such additional extracts* from their works, as

NOTES.

Askaparts, the town did not: and many a man, who now affects to pity me for wasting my strength upon unresisting imbecility, would, not long since, have heard their poems with applause, and their praises with delight.

* It will now be said that I have done it *usque ad nauseam*. I confess it; and for the reason given above. And yet I can honestly assure the reader, that most, if not all, of the trash here quoted, passed with the authors for superlative beauties; every second word being printed either in italics, or capitals.

should put their demerits beyond the power of future question.

I remembered that this great critick, in his excellent remarks on the Baviad, had charged the author with "bespattering *nearly* all the poetical eminence " of the day." Anxious, therefore, to do impartial justice, I ran for the ALBUM, to discover who had been spared. Here I read, " In this collection are " names whom Genius will ever look upon as its " *best* supporters! Sheridan"—what, is ' SAUL ' also among the Prophets!—" Sheridan, Merry, " Parsons, Cowley, Andrews, Jerningham, Great-head, Topham, Robinson," &c.

Thus furnished with " ALL the poetical eminence " of the day," I proceeded, as Mr. Bell says, to bespatter it; taking, for the vehicle of my design, a Satire of Horace—to which I was led by its supplying me (amidst many happy allusions) with an opportunity of briefly noticing the wretched state of dramatic poetry among us.*

NOTES.

* I know not if the stage has been so low, since the days of Gammar Gurton, as at this hour. It seems as if all the

When the *MÆVIAD* (so I call the present poem) was nearly brought to a conclusion, I laid it aside.

blockheads in the kingdom had started up, and exclaimed with one voice, Come! let us write for the theatres. In this there is nothing, perhaps, altogether new; the striking and peculiar novelty of the times seems to be, that ALL* they write is received. Of the three parties concerned in this business, the writers and the managers seem the least culpable. If the town will feed on husks, extraordinary pains need not be taken to find them any thing more palatable. But what shall we say of the people? The lower orders are so brutified by the lamentable follies of O'Keefe, and Cobbe, and Pilon, and I know not who—Sardi venales, each worse than the other—that they have lost all relish for simplicity and genuine humour; nay, ignorance itself, unless it be gross and glaring, cannot hope for “their most sweet voices.” And the higher ranks are so mawkishly mild, that they take with a placid *simper* whatever comes before them: or, if they now and then experience a slight fit of disgust, have not resolution enough to express it, but sit yawning and gaping in each other's faces for a little encouragement in their culpable forbearance.

When this was written, I thought the town had “sounded,” as Shakspeare says, “the very base string of

* I recollect but two exceptions. Merry's idiotical Opera, and Mrs. Robinson's more idiotical Farce. To have failed where Miles Andrews succeeded, argues a degree of stupidity scarcely credible. Surely “ignorance itself is a planet” over the heroes and heroines of the *Baviad*!

The times seemed unfavourable to such productions. Events of real importance were momentarily claiming the attention of the public; and the still voice of the Muses was not likely to be listened to amidst the din of arms. After an interval of two

NOTES.

“humility;” but it has since appeared, that the lowest point of degradation had not then been reached. The force of English folly, indeed, could go no farther, and so far I was right:—but the auxiliary supplies of Germany were at hand; and the taste, vitiated by the lively nonsense of O’Keefe and Co. was destined to be utterly destroyed by successive importations of the heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity of Kotzebue and Schiller.

The object of these writers has been detailed with such force and precision in the Introduction to “*THE ROVERS*,” that nothing remains to be said on that head—indeed the simple perusal of “*The Rovers*” would supersede the necessity of any critique on the merits of the German drama in general, since there is not a folly, however gross, an absurdity however monstrous, to be found in that charming jeu d’esprit, that I would not undertake to parallel from one or other of the most admired works of the German Shakespeares.* Why it has not been produced on the stage is to me a matter of astonishment, since it unites the beauties of “the Stranger” and “Pizarro:” and, though perfectly

* So Kotzebue and Schiller are styled by the Critical Reviewers!

years, however, circumstances, which it is not material to mention, have induced me to finish, and trust it, without more preface, to the candour to which I am already so highly indebted for the kind reception of the Baviad.

NOTES.

German in its sentiments, is English in its language,—intelligible English; which is infinitely more than can be said of the translation from Kotzebue, so maliciously attributed to Mr. Sheridan.

In a word! if you take from the German dramas their horrid blasphemies, their wanton invocations of the sacred name, and their minute and ridiculous stage-directions, which seem calculated to turn the whole into a pantomime, nothing will remain but a caput mortuum, a vapid and gloomy mass of matter unenlightened by a single ray of genius or nature. If you leave them their blasphemies, &c. you have then a nameless something, insipid though immortal, tedious though impious, and stupid though extravagant!—so much so, that, as a judicious writer well observes, “it becomes a doubt which are the greatest objects of contempt and scorn, those who conceived and wrote them, or those who have the effrontery to praise them.” Yet “these be thy Gods, O Israel!”—and to these are sacrificed our taste, our sense, and our national honour.

THE MÆVIAD.

(a) **Y**ES, I DID say that Crusca's * "true sublime"
Lack'd taste, and sense, and every thing but rhyme ;
That Arno's "easy strains" were coarse and rough,
And Edwin's "matchless numbers" woeful stuff.

IMITATIONS.

HORACE, SAT. X. LIB. I.

(a) **N**empe incomposito dixi pede currere versus
Lucilî. Quis tam Lucilî fautor inepte est,
Ut non hoc fateatur ?

NOTES.

* Crusca's "true sublime." The words between inverted commas in this and the following verses, are Mr. Bell's. They contain, as the reader sees, a short character of the works to which they are respectively affixed. Though I have the misfortune to differ from this gentleman in the present instances, yet I observe such acuteness of perception in his general criticism, that I should have

That love-lorn priests reclined the pensive head,
 And sentimental ensigns, as they read,
 Wiped the sad drops of pity from their eye, 15
 And burst between a hiccup and a sigh.
 Yet, not content, like horse-leeches they come,
 And split my head with one eternal hum
 For "more! more! more!" (c) Away! for should
 I grant
 The full, the unreserv'd applause, ye want, 20
 St. John * might then my partial voice accuse,
 And claim my suffrage for his tragic muse;

IMITATIONS.

(c) The horse-leech has two daughters, crying,
 "Give! give!"

PROVERBS.

NOTES.

* St. John, &c. Having already observed in the Introduction, that the Mæviad was nearly finished two years since, and consequently before the death of this gentleman, I have only to add here, that though I should not have introduced any of the heroes of the Baviad, quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina, yet I scarcely think it necessary to make any changes for the sake of omitting such as have passed ad plures, in the interval between writing and publishing.

And Greathead,* rising from his short disgrace,
Fling the forgotten "Regent" in my face ;

NOTES.

The reader will find (v. 235) another instance of my small pretensions to prophecy ; and probably regret it more than the present.

* Greathead's Regent. — Of this tragedy, which was "recommended to the world" by the Monthly Reviewers, and others, as "the work of a scholar," I want words to express my just contempt. The plot of it is childish, the conduct absurd, the language unintelligible, the thoughts false and unnatural, the metaphors incongruous, the general style groveling and base : and to sum up all in a word, the whole piece the most execrable abortion of stupidity that ever disgraced the stage.

It is to be wished that critics by profession, sensible of the influence which their opinions necessarily have on the public taste, would divest themselves of their partialities when they sit down to the execution of, what I hope they consider as, a solemn duty. We should not then find them, as in the present instance, prostituting their applause on works that call for universal reprobation.

It is but fair, however, to observe, that Mr. Parsons has added his all-sufficient suffrage to that of the Reviewers, in favour of Mr. Greathead.

"O hard ! to whom belongs

"Each purest fount of poesy !

"Who old Hyssus' hallowed dewa

"In his own Avon dares infuse.

Bid me my censure, as I may, deplore, 25
And like my brother critics, cry "Encore!"

NOTES.

"O favoured clime! O happy age!
"That boasts, to save a sinking stage,
"A Greathead!!!

Gent. Mag.

When I first read these, and other high-sounding praises, scattered over Reviews, Magazines, Newspapers, and I know not what; I was naturally led to conclude that Mr. G. had succeeded better in his smaller pieces, than in his tragedy, and thus justified in some degree the cry of his "learning," &c. &c. But no. All was a blank!

Here are a few samples of the "Ilysean dew infused by Mr. Greathead into his own Avon"—muddied, I suppose, and debased by the home-bred streamlets of one Shakspeare.

"In fuller presence we descry,
"Mid mountain rocks—a deity
"Than eye of man shall e'er behold
"In living grace of ~~sculptor's~~ gold."*

More matter for a May morning!

* "These lines (Mr. Parsons says), are not Greathead's." But they are published with his name in the Album; which, exclusive of their stupidity, is sufficient authority for me. If our doughty critic chooses to take them to himself, I can have no objection; for, after all, pugna est de paupere regno!

(d) Alas ! my learned friends, for such ye are,
As Bell will say, or, if ye ask it, swear ;

IMITATIONS.

(d) Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris ; et est quædam tamen hic quoque virtus.

NOTES.

“ODE ON APATHY.

“ Accurs'd be dull lethargic Apathy,
“ Whether at eve she listless ride
“ In sluggish car by tortoise drawn—
“ With mimic air of senseless pride,
“ She feebly throws on all her withering sight,
“ While too observant of her sway
“ Unmark'd her droning subjects lie,
“ Alike to her who murmur or obey.”

I hope the reader understands it.

ODE TO DUEL.

“ Never didst thou appear
“ While Tiber's sons gave law to all the world ;
“ Yet much they loved to desolate and slaughter,
“ Carthage attest my words.
“ To glut their sanguinary rage,
“ Not citizens but gladiators fall.
“ Slavery and vassalage,
“ And savage broils, 'twixt nobles are no more.
“ Vanish thou likewise”——

'Tis not enough (though this be somewhat too,
And more, perhaps, * than Jerningham can do). 30

And these are ODES, good heavens ! “ After the manner
“ of Pindar,” I take for granted.

Enough of Mr. Greathead. I have only to add, that I
am actuated by no personal dislike: for I can say with
truth, (what indeed I can, of all the heroes of the Mæviad,)
that I have not the slightest knowledge of him. But the
daws have strutted too long: it is more than time to strip
them of their adventitious plumage; and if, in doing it,
I should pluck off any feathers which originally belonged to
them, they have only to thank their own vanity, or the
forwardness of their injudicious friends.

* And more, perhaps, than Jerningham can do.—No;
Mr. Jerningham has lately written a Tragedy and a Farce;
both extremely well spoken of by the Reviewers, and both
—gone to the “pastry-cooks.”

I once thought that I understood something of faces;
but I must read my Lavater again, I find. That a gentle-
man with the “*physiognomie d'un mouton qui rêve*,”
should suddenly start forth a new Tyrtæus, and pour a
dreadful note thro' a crack'd war-trump, amazes me.—
Well; *FRONTI NULLA FIDES* shall henceforth be my motto.

In the pride of his heart Mr. Jerningham has taken the
instrument from his mouth, and given me a smart stroke on
the head with it: this is fair,

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

He has also levelled a deadly blow at a gentleman who,
most assuredly, never dreamed of having our *Drawcansir*

'Tis not enough to dole out Ahs ! and Ohs !
 Through Kemble's thorax, or through Bensley's nose
 To croud our stage with scaffolds, or to fright
 Our wives with rapes, repeated thrice a night ;
 JUDGES——Not such as, self-created, sit 35
 On that TREMENDOUS BENCH * which skirts the pit,

NOTES.

for an antagonist: this, though not quite so fair, is not altogether unprecedented ;

An eagle towering in his pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawked at!

There is a trait of scholarship in Mr. Jerningham's last poem, which should not be overlooked ; more especially as it is the only one. Having occasion to mention " Agave " and her *infant*,† he subjoins the following explanation : " Alluding to Agave, who in a delirium slew her *child*. See " Ovid." No, I'll take Mr. Jerningham's word for it, though I had twenty Ovids before me.

* When this was written, (which was while the Opera House was used for plays) the " learned justicers" here enumerated, together with the others *not yet taken*, were accustomed to flock nightly to this BENCH, from which the unlettered vulgar were always scornfully repelled with an ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΜΟΥΣΟΣ.

† See his " Peace, Ignominy, and Destruction," p. 15.

Where idle Thespis nods, while Arno* dreams
 Of Nereids "purling in ambrosial streams;"
 Where Este in rapture cons fantastic airs,
 "Old Pistol new-revived" in Topham stares, 40
 And Boswell, aping, with preposterous pride,
 Johnson's worst frailties, rolls from side to side,
 His heavy head from hour to hour erects,
 Affects the fool, and is what he affects.†——

NOTES.

I have not heard whether the New Theatre be possessed of such a one: I think not: for critics are no more gregarious than spiders. Like them, they *might* do great things in concert: but, like them too, they usually end with devouring one another.

* Arno.—The dreams of this gentleman, which continue to make their appearance in the Oracle, under the name of Thespis, are not always of Nereids. He dreamed one night that Mr. Pope played Posthumus with less spirit than usual; and it was Mr. Johnson singing Grammachre! Another night, that the Mourning Bride might have been better cast, and lo! it was the Comedy of Errors that was played.

This was rather unfortunate: but the reader must have already reflected, from the strange occupations of these "self-created judges," (here faithfully described,) that, sleeping or waking, they were attentive to every thing but what passed before their eyes.

†. Pauper videri Cotta vult, et est pauper!

JUDGES of truth and sense, yet more demand 45
 That art to nature lend a helping hand!
 That fables well devised, be simply told,
 Correct if new, and probable if old.

When Mason leads Elfrida forth to view,
 Adorn'd with virtues which she never knew, 50
 I feel for every tear; while, borne along
 By the full tide of unresisted song,
 I stop not to inquire if all be just;
 But take her goodness, as her grief, on trust
 'Till calm reflection checks me, and I see 55
 The heroine as she was, and ought to be,
 A bold, bad woman, wading to the throne,
 Thro' seas of blood, and crimes till then unknown:
 Then, then I hate the magic that deceived,
 And blush to think how fondly I believed.* 60

 NOTES.

* Mr. Parsons' note on this passage is—"Did you believe! Could you possibly be so ignorant?"—Even so. But I humbly conceive that Mr. Mason, who seduced my unsuspecting youth, is equally culpable with myself. There is also one William Shakspeare, who, I am ready to take my oath, is a notorious offender in this way; having led not only me, but divers others, into the most gross and ridi-

Not so, when Edgar,* made, in some strange plot,
 The hero of a day that knew him not,
 Struts from the field his enemy had won,
 On stately stilts, exulting and undone!
 Here I can only pity, only smile;
 Where not one grace, one elegance of style,
 Redeems the audacious folly of the rest,
 Truth sacrificed, and history made a jest.

NOTES.

culous errors; making us laugh, cry, &c. for persons whom we ought to have known to be mere non-entities.

But Mr. Parsons has happily obtained an obdurate and impassible head: let him, therefore, "give God thanks, and make no boast of it." He is a wise and a wary reader, and follows the most judicious *Bottom*, who having, like himself, too much sagacity to be imposed upon by a feigned character, was laudably anxious to undeceive the world. "No," quoth he, "let him thrust his face through the lion's neck, and say, If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life—no, I am no such thing: I am a man, as other men are;—and then, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly that he is *SHUG* the joiner."

* Edgar Atheling.—See the "Battle of Hastings." A tragedy by Mr. Cumberland.

Let this, Ye Cruscans,* if your heads be made
 "Of penetrable stuff," let this persuade 70
 Your husky tribes their wanderings to restrain;
 Nor hope what taste and Mason fail'd to gain.

(e) Then let your style be brief, your meaning clear,
 Nor like Lorenzo,† tire the labouring ear
 With a wild waste of words; sound without sense, 75
 And all the florid glare of impotence.

IMITATIONS.

(e) Est brevitare opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
 Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
 Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosos.

NOTES.

* Ye Cruscans!

O voi, che della CRUSCA vi chiamate,
 Come quei che farina non avendo
 Di QUELLA a tutto pasto vi saziare!

† Lorenzo.—"A lamentable tragedy by Della Crusca, mixed full of pleasant mirth." The house laughed a good at it; but Mr. Harris cried sadly. Here is another instance, if it were wanted, of the bad effects of prostitute applause. Could Mr. Harris, if his mind had not been previously warped by the eternal puffs of Bell and his followers, have supposed, for a moment, that a knack of stringing together "hoar hills" and "rippling hills," and "red skies glare" and "thin, thin air," qualified a man for writing tragedy!

Still with your characters your language change,
 From grave to gay, as nature dictates, range ;
 Now droop in all the plaintiveness of woe,
 Now in glad numbers light and airy flow ; 80
 Now shake the stage with guilt's alarming tone,
 And make the aching bosom all your own ;
 Now——But I sing in vain ; from first to last,
 Your joy is fustian, and your grief bombast :
 Rhetoric has banish'd reason ; kings and queens, 85
 Vent in hyperboles their royal spleens ;
 Guardsmen in metaphors express their hopes,
 And “ maidens, in white linen,” howl in tropes.

(*f*) Reverent I greet the bards of other days :
 Blest be your names, and lasting be your praise ! 90
 From nature's varied face ye widely drew,
 And following ages own'd the copies true.
 O ! had our sots, who rhyme with headlong haste,
 And think reflection still a foe to taste,
 But brains your pregnant scenes to understand, 95
 And give us truth, tho' but at second hand,

IMITATIONS.

(*f*) Illi, scripta quibus comœdia prisca viris est,
 Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi——

'Twere something yet! But no; they never look——
 Shall souls of fire, they cry, a tutor brook?
 Forbid it, inspiration! Thus, your pain
 Is void, and ye have lived, for them, in vain; 100
 (g) In vain, for Crusca and his skipping school,
 Cobbe, Reynolds, Andrews, and that Nobler Fool;
 Who nought but Laura's* tinkling trash admire,
 And the mad jangle of Matilda's* lyre.

IMITATIONS.

(g) —— quos neque pulcher
 Hermogenes unquam legit, nec simius iste,
 Nil præter Calvum doctus cantare Catullum.

NOTES.

* Laura's tinkling trash, &c.—I had amassed a world of this "tinkling trash" for the behoof of the reader; but having, fortunately for him, mislaid it, and not being disposed to undertake again the drudgery of wading through Mr. Bell's collections, I can only offer the little which occurs to my memory. Of this little, the merits must be principally shared among Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Cowley, and Mr. Merry:

"Et vos, O Lauri, carpam, et te, proxima Myrte,

"Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores."

(h) But Crusca still has merit, and may claim, 105
No humble station, in the ranks of fame ;

IMITATIONS.

(h) At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis
Miscuit.

NOTES.

" O let me fly

" Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy sky !"

" But oh ! beware how thou dost fling

" Thy *hot pulse* o'er the quivering string !"

" Pluck from their dark and rocky bed

" The yelling demons of the deep,

" Who soaring o'er the comet's head,

" The bosom of the welkin sweep."

" And when the jolly full moon laughs,

" In her clear zenith to behold

" The envious stars withdraw their gleams of gold,

" 'Tis to thy health she stooping quaffs

" The sapphire cup that fairy zephyrs bring !"

On considering these and the preceding lines, I was tempted to indulge a wish that the Blue Stocking club would issue an immediate order to Mr. Bell, to examine the cells of Bedlam. Certainly, if an accurate transcript were made from the "darken'd walls" once or twice a quarter, an

He taught us first the language to refine,
To crowd with beauties every sparkling line

NOTES.

Album might be presented to the fashionable world, more poetical, and far more rational, than any which they have lately honoured with their applause.

“ Why does thy stream of *sweetest* song
“ *Foam* on the mountain’s murmuring side,
“ Or through the vocal covert glide !

“ I heard a tuneful phantom in the wind,
“ I saw it watch the rising moon far,
“ Wet with the weeping of the twilight star.—

“ The pilgrim who with *tearful* eye shall view
“ The moon’s wan lustre in the midnight dew,
“ *Sooth’d* by her light.—”

This is an admirable reason for his crying:—but what !
Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l’admire. Mr. Bell is in raptures with it, and very properly recommends it to the admiration of Della Crusea, as being the production of “ a congenial soul.” There is also another judicious critic, one Dr. Tasker, (should it not be Dr. Trusler ?) who has given a decided opinion, it seems, in favour of the writer’s abilities; which may console her for the sneers of fifty such envious scribblers as the author of the Baviad.

And first you shall hear what Mrs. Robinson says of Dr. Tasker.—“ The *learned* and *ingenious* Dr. Tasker, in the

Old phrases with new meanings to dispense,
 Amuse the fancy,—and confound the sense ! 110
 (i) O, void of reason ! Is it thus you praise,
 A linsey-wooksey song, fram'd with such ease,

IMITATIONS.

(i) — O seri studiorum ! quine putetis
 Difficile et mirum, RHODIO quod PITHOLEONTI
 Contigit.

NOTES.

“ third volume of his *elegant* and *critical* works, has PRO-
 “ NOUNCED some of Mrs. Robinson's poems superior to
 “ those of Milton on the same subject, particularly her
 “ address to the nightingale ! The praises of so *competent*
 “ and *disinterested* a judge STAMPS celebrity that neither
 “ time nor envy can obliterate ! ”

ORACLE, Dec. 10.

Next you shall hear what Dr. Tasker says of Mrs.
 Robinson.

“ In ancient Greece by two fair forms were seen
 “ Wisdom's stern goddess, and Love's smiling queen ;
 “ Pallas presided over arms and arts,
 “ And Venus over gentle Virgins' hearts,
 “ But now both powers in one fair form combine,
 “ And in fam'd Robinson united shine.”

“ This lady, equally celebrated in the polite and literary
 “ circles, has honoured Mr.”——Lo ! the Dr. is dwindled

Such vacancy of thought, that every line
Might tempt e'en VAUGHAN to whisper, "this is
" mine !"

VAUGHAN ! well remember'd. He, good man,
complains, 115
That I affix'd his name to Edwin's * strains :

NOTES.

into plain Mr. — " has honoured Mr. Tasker's poetical
" and other productions with high and distinguished marks
" of her approbation !" GAZETTEER, Jan. 16.

Why this is the very song of Prodicus, ἡ χυρὴ τῆς χύμας
χυρῆς, — for the rest, I trust my readers will readily sub-
scribe to the praises which these most " competent and
" disinterested judges" have reciprocally lavished on each
other.

But, allons !

" — My hand, at night's fell noon,
" Plucks from the tresses of the moon
" A sparkling crown of silv'ry hue,
" Besprent with studs of frozen dew !

" On the dizzy height inclin'd
" I listen to the passing wind,
" That loves my mournful song to seize,
" And bears it to the mountain breeze."

Here we find that listening to the wind, and singing to it,
are one and the same thing ; and that—but I can make
nothing of the rest.

'Tis just—for what three kindred souls have done,
Is most unfairly charged, I ween, on one.

NOTES.

- " When in black obtrusive clouds
- " The chilly moon her pale cheek shrouds,
- " I mark the twinkling starry train
- " Exulting glitter in her wane,
- " And proudly gleam their borrow'd light
- " To gem the sombre dome of night."

What an admirable observer of nature is this great poetess! The stars *twinkling* in a cloudy night, and *gleaming* their BORROWED lustre, is superlatively good. I had almost forgot to observe that these, and the preceding lines, are taken from the Ode to the Nightingale; so superior, in the reverend judgment of Dr. Tasker, to one of a Mr. John Milton on the same subject.

- " —— the lightning's rays
- " Leap through the night's scarce pervious gloom,
- " Attracted by"——(what, for a ducat ?)
- " Attracted by the rose's bloom!"
- " Let but thy lyre impatient seize
- " Departing twilight's filmy breeze,
- " That winds the enchanting chords among
- " In lingering labyrinths of song.——"
- " See in the clouds its mast the proud bark laves,
- " Scorning the aid of ocean's humble waves!"

From this it appears, that Mrs. Cowley imagines proud

Pardon, my learned friend! With wat'ry eyes,
Thy growing fame to truth I sacrifice ; 120

NOTES.

barks to float on their masts. It is proper to mention that the vessel takes such extraordinary state on herself, because she carries Della Crusca !

“ ——— from a young grove's shade
“ Whose infant boughs but mock the expecting glade!
“ Sweet sounds stole forth, upborne upon the gale,
“ Press'd thro' the air, and broke upon the vale;
“ Then silent walk'd the breezes of the plain,
“ Or soar'd aloft, and seiz'd the hovering strain.—”

DELLA CRUSCA.

The force of folly can no farther go !

* Edwin's strains.—If the reader will turn to the conclusion of the Baviad, he will find a delicious *Επιταφίον* on a tame mouse, by this gentleman. As it seemed to give universal satisfaction, I embrace the opportunity of laying before the public another effusion of the same exquisite pen.

It will be found, I flatter myself, not less beautiful than the former, and fully prove that the author, though ostensibly devoted to Elegy, can, on a proper occasion, assume an air of gaiety, and be “ profound ” with ease, and instructive with elegance.

Εδουιν προλογιζει.

“ On the circumstance of a mastiff's running furiously,
“ (sad dog !) towards two young ladies, and upon coming

To many a sonnet call thy claims in doubt,
 And, "at one entrance, shut thy glory out."
 Yet MEWL thou still. Shall my lord's dormouse die,
 And low in dust without a requiem lie!
 No, MEWL thou still: and while thy d—'s join 125
 Their melancholy symphonies to thine,
 My righteous verse shall labour to restore
 The well-earn'd fame it robb'd them of before:

NOTES.

"up to them, becoming instantly gentle, (good dog!) and
 "tractable."

Tantum ad narrandum argumentum est benignitas!

"When Orpheus took his *lyre* to hell,
 "To fetch his rib away,
 "On that same thing he pleas'd so well,
 "That devils learn'd to play.

"Besides in books it may be read,
 "That whilst he swept the *lute*
 "Grim Cerb'rus hung his savage head,
 "And lay astoundly mute.

"But here we can with justice say
 "That nature rivals art,
 "He *sang* a mastiff's rage away,
 "You look'd one thro' the heart."

Fecit EDWIN.

EDWIN, whatever elegies of woe
 Drop from the gentle mouths of Vaughan and Co.
 To this or that, henceforth no more confined, 131
 Shall, like a surname, take in all the kind.

Right! cry the brethren. When the heaven-
 born muse,
 Shames her descent, and for low earthly views,
 Hums o'er a beetle's bier the doleful stave, 135
 Or sits chief mourner at a May-bug's grave,
 Satire should scourge her from the vile employ,
 And bring her back to friendship, love, and joy.
 But spare CESARIO,⁽¹⁾ Carlos,⁽²⁾ ADELAIDE,⁽³⁾
 The truest poetess! the truest maid! 140

(1) Cesario.—In the Baviad are a few stanzas of a most delectable ode to an owl. They were ascribed to Arno; nor was I conscious of any mistake, till I received a polite note from that gentleman, assuring me that he was not only not the author of them; but (*horresco referens*) that he thought them “ execrable.” Mr. Bell, on the other hand, affirms them to be “ admirable.”

“ Who shall decide when doctors disagree?”

Be this as it may, I am happy to say that I have discovered the true author. They were written by Cesario; and as I rather incline to Mr. Bell, *pace* Arnô dixerim, I shall

LORENZO,(4) REUBEN,(5) spare: far be the thought
Of interest, far from them. Unbribed, unbought,

NOTES.

make no scruple of laying the remainder of this "mellifluous piece" before the reader,

"Slighted love the *soul* subduing,

"*Silent* sorrow *chills* the *heart*,

"*Treach'rous* fancy still *purning*,

"Still *repels* the *poisoned* dart.

"*Soothing* those fond *dreams* of pleasure

"*Pictur'd* in the *glowing* breast,

"*Lavish* of her sweetest *treasure*,

"*Anxious fear* is *charm'd* to *rest*.——

"Fearless o'er the *whiten'd billows*,

"*Proudly* rise, sweet bird of night,

"*Safely* through the bending *willows*

"*Gently* wing thy *acry* flight.

"CESARIO."

Though I flatter myself that I have good sense and taste enough to see and admire the peculiar beauties of this ode, yet a regard for truth obliges me to declare that they are not original. They are taken (with improvements, I confess) from a most beautiful "Song by a person of quality" in Pope's Miscellanies. This, though it detracts a little from Cesario's inventive powers, still leaves him the praise (no mean one) of having gone beyond that great poet, in what he probably considered as the *ne plus ultra* of ingenuity.

Venimus ad summum fortunæ! Mr. Greathead equals

They pour * ' from their big breast's prolific zone,
 ' A proud, poetic fervour, only known

NOTES.

Shakspeare, Mrs. Robinson surpasses Milton, and Cesario outdoes Pope in that very performance, which he vainly imagined so complete as to take away all desire of imitating, all possibility of excelling it!

“ O favoured clime! O happy age!”

(2) Carlos.—I have nothing of this gentleman, (a most pertinacious scribbler in the Oracle,) but the following “ Sonnet:” luckily, however, it is so ineffably stupid, that it will more than satisfy any readers but Mr. Bell’s.

“ ON A LADY’S PORTRAIT.

“ Oft hath the poet hail’d the breath of morn,
 “ That wakens nature with the voice of spring,
 “ And oft, when purple summer feeds the lawn,
 “ Hath fancy touch’d him with her procreant wing,
 “ Full frequent has he bless’d the golden beam
 “ Which yellow autumn glowing spreads around,
 “ And though pale winter press’d a paly gleam,
 “ Fresh in his breast was young description found——.”

I can copy no more—Job himself would lose all patience here. Instead, therefore, of the remainder of this incomprehensible trash, I will give the reader a string of judicious observations by Mr. T. Vaughan: “ Bruyere says, he will “ allow that good writers are scarce enough, but adds, “ and justly, that good critics are equally so: which “ reminds our correspondent also of what the Abbé Trublet

' To souls like theirs'; as Anna's youth inspires, 145
As Laura's graces kindle fierce desires,

NOTES.

" *writes, speaking* of professed critics, where he *says*, if they were obliged to examine authors impartially—there would be fewer writers in *this way*. Was this to be the liberal practice adopted by our modern critics, we should not see a BAVIAD—falling upon men and things, that are much above his capacity, and seemingly for no other reason than because they are so."

A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel! This is in truth the reason; and when Mr. Vaughan and his coadjutors condescend to humble themselves to my understanding, I will endeavour to profit by their eloquent strictures.

(3) Adelaide.—And who is Adelaide! O *seri studiorum!* "Not to know her argues yourselves unknown." Hear Mr. Bell, the Longinus of Newspaper writers.

ADELAIDE.

" He who is here addressed by the first lyric writer in the kingdom, must himself endeavour to repay a debt so highly honourable, if it *can be done* by verse! This lady shall have the praise, which ought to be given by the country, that of first discovering, and drawing out the *fine powers* of Arno and Della Crusca!"

" O thou, whom late I watch'd, while o'er thee hung

" The orb, whose glories I so oft have sung,

" Beheld thee while a *shower of beam*

" Made night a lovelier morning seem," &c.

We might here dismiss this "first lyric writer of the

As Henriët——For heaven's sake, not so fast.

(*k*) I too, my masters, ere my teeth were cast,

IMITATIONS.

(*k*) Atqui Ego cum Græcos facerem, natus mare
citra,

NOTES.

"age," who, from her flippant nonsense, appears to be Mrs. Piozzi; were it not for the sake of remarking, that whatever be the merit of "drawing out the fine powers of "Arno," (which, it seems, this ungrateful country has not yet rewarded with a statue,) she must be content to share it with Julia. Hear her Invocation—but first hear Mr. Bell. "A most elegant compliment, which for generous "esteem has been seldom equalled, any more than the "muse which inspired it."

"JULIA TO ARNO.

"Arno! where steals thy dulcet lay,

"Soft as the evening's minstrel note,

"Say, does it deck the rising day,

"Or on the noon-tide breezes float!"

Mrs. Robinson (for we may as well drop the name of Julia) has been guilty of a trifling larceny here; having taken from the Baviad, without any acknowledgment, a delicious couplet, which I flattered myself would never have been seen out of that poem—but so it is, that, like Pope,

——— write whate'er I will,
Some rising genius *sins* up to it still.

Had learn'd, by rote, to rave of Delia's charms,
To die of transports found in Chloe's arms, 150

IMITATIONS.

Versiculos, vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
Post mediam visus noctem, cum somnia vera.

NOTES.

This has nettled me a little, and possibly injured the great poetess in my opinion; for I have been robbed so often of late, that I begin to think with the old economist,

Οὐτ' αἰοιδῶν λωγ' ὅς ἐξ ἡμῶν οἰσῖται ἔδν.

For the rest, this "elegant Invocation" called forth a specimen of Arno's fine powers in the following *dulcet* lays.

" ARNO TO JULIA.

- " Sure some dire star inimical to man
" Guides to his heart the desolating fire,
" Fills with contention only his brief span,
" And rouzes him to murderous desire.
- " There are who sagely scan the tortur'd world,
" And tell us war is but necessity,
" That millions by the great dispenser hurl'd,
" Must suffer by the scourge, and cease to be."

Euge, Poeta!

(4) Lorenzo.

Και πῶς ἔγω Σθενέω φαγοῖμ' ἀν ῥημα τι,

Εἰς οὗτ' ἐμπαπτόμενον, ἢ λευκὸς ἀλας——

Says a hungry wight in an old comedy. But I know of no

Coy Daphne with obstreperous plaints to woo,
And curse the cruelty of—G—— knows who.

NOTES.

seasoning whatever, capable of making the insipid garbage of this modern Sthenelus palatable: I shall therefore spare myself the disgust of producing it.

(5) Reuben, whom I take to be Mr. Greathead in disguise, (it being this gentleman's fate, like Hercules of old, to assume the merit of all unappropriated prodigies,) introduced himself to the *WORLD* by the following

“ ADDRESS TO ANNA MATILDA.

“ To thee, a stranger dares address his theme,
“ To thee, proud mistress of Apollo's lyre,
“ One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
“ Prompted by love would set the world on fire!
“ Adorn then love in fancy-tinctur'd vest,
“ Camelion like, anon of various hue,
“ By Penseroso, and Allegro drest,
“ Such genius claim'd when she Idalia drew.”—

Anna Matilda, what could she less! found

——— this resuscitating praise
Breathe life upon her dying lays,

like “ the daisy which spreads her bloom to the moist
“ evening!” and accordingly produced a matchless adorn-
“ ment of love,” to the great contentment of the gentle
Reuben.

When Phœbus, (not the Power that bade thee write,
For he, dear Dapper! was a lying sprite)
One morn, when dreams are true, approach'd my
side, 155
And, frowning on my tuneful lumber, cried,

NOTES.

“ But bard polite, how hard the task
 “ Which with *such elegance* you ask !”

Who would have imagined that these lines, the simple tribute of gratitude to genius, should nearly occasion "a perdition of souls!" Yet so it was. They unfortunately roused the jealousy of Della Crusca "on the sportive banks of the Rhone."—One luckless evening,

“ When twilight on the western edge
“ Had twined his hoary hair with sabling sedge,”

as he was "weeping" (for, like Master Stephen, these good creatures think it necessary to be always melancholy) at the tomb of Laura, he started, as well he might, at the accursed name of Reuben.

"Hark! (quoth he)
 "What cruel sounds are these
 "Which float upon the languid breeze,
 "Which fill my soul with jealous fear!
 "Hah! REUBEN is the name I hear.
 "For him my *faithless* Anna," &c.

It pains me to add, that the cold-blooded Bell has destroyed this beautiful fancy-scene with one stroke of his

“ Lo ! every corner with soft sonnets cramm’d,”
 And high-born odes, “ works damn’d, or to be
 “ damn’d !”

(l) And is THY active folly adding more,
 To this most worthless, most superfluous store ? 160
 O impotence of toil ! thou might’st as well,
 Give sense to Este, or modesty to Bell.

IMITATIONS.

(l) In sylvam non ligna feras insaniùs, ac si
 Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas——

NOTES.

clownish pen. In a note on the above lines, (Album p. 134) he officiously informs us that Della Crusca knew “ nothing of his rival, till he READ” detested word ! “ his “ sonnet in the Oracle.” O Bell ! Bell ! Is it thus thou humblest the strains of the sublime ! Surely we may say of thee, what was not ill said of one of thy sisters,

Sed tu insulsa male et molesta vives,
 Per quam non licet esse negligentem.

* They pour, &c

“ ———— I love so well
 “ Thy soul’s deep tone, thy thought’s high swell,
 “ Thy proud poetic fervour known,
 “ But in thy breast’s prolific zone.”

DELL. CRUS.

Forbear, forbear :—What tho' thou cans't not claim
 The sacred honours of a POET's name,
 Due to the few alone, whom I inspire 165
 With lofty rapture, with ethereal fire !
 Yet mayst thou arrogate the humble praise
 Of reason's bard, if, in thy future lays,
 Plain sense and truth, (and surely these are thine,)
 Correct thy wanderings, and thy flights confine." 170
 Here ceased the God and vanish'd. Forth I sprang,
 While in my ear the voice divine yet rang,
 Seiz'd every rag and scrap, approach'd the fire,
 And saw whole ALBUMS in the blaze expire.

Then shame ensued, and vain regret, to have spent
 So many hours, (hours, which I yet lament,) 176
 In thriftless industry ; and year on year
 Inglorious roll'd, while diffidence, and fear,
 Represt my voice——unheard till ANNA came,
 What ! throb'st thou YET, my bosom, at the name ?
 And chased the oppressive doubts which round me
 clung, 181

And fired my breast, and loosen'd all my tongue.
 Even then, (admire, John Bell ! my simple ways,)
 No heaven and hell danced madly thro' my lays,

No oaths, no execrations ; all was plain : 185
 Yet, trust me, while thy " ever-jingling train"
 Chime their sonorous woes with frigid art,
 And shock the reason, and revolt the heart ;
 My hopes, and fears, in nature's language drest,
 Awaken'd love in many a gentle breast. 190

How oft, O DART ! what time the faithful pair
 Walk'd forth, the fragrant hour of eve to share,
 On thy romantic banks ; have my wild strains,*
 (Not yet forgot amidst my native plains,)

NOTES.

* Mr. Parsons is extremely angry at my " ostentatious " intrusion" of the " Otium Divos" into the notes on this poem. What could I do ? I ever disliked publishing my little modicums on loose pages—but I shall grow wiser by his example ! and, indeed, am even now composing " one Riddle, two Rebusses, and one Acrostic to a babe at " nurse,"† which will be set forth with all convenient speed. Meanwhile I am tempted to offend once more, and subjoin the only three of my " wild strains" that now live

† See " ONE Epigram, Two Sonnets, and ONE Ode to a Boy at " School, by W. Parsons, Esq." The " One Ode" was expressly written to shew the folly and absurdity of Gray's Ode to Eton College, which the " Boy at School" was very properly called to attest. What the " One Epigram" and the " Two Sonnets" were written for, nobody knows.

While THOU hast sweetly gurgled down the vale, 195
 Fill'd up the pause of love's delightful tale !

NOTES.

in my recollection. I can assure Mr. Parsons that they were written on the occasions they profess to be—and the last of them at a time when I had no idea of surviving to provoke his indignation :

—— sed Cynaræ breves
 Annos fata dederunt, me
 Servatura diu.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

- “ Sweet flowers ! that, from your humble beds,
 “ Thus prematurely dare to rise,
 “ And trust your unprotected heads
 “ To cold Aquarius' watery skies ;
- “ Retire, retire ! THESE tepid airs
 “ Are not the genial brood of May ;
 “ THAT sun with light malignant glares,
 “ And flatters only to betray.
- “ Stern Winter's reign is not yet past——
 “ Lo ! while your buds prepare to blow,
 “ On icy pinions comes the blast,
 “ And nips your root, and lays you low.
- “ Alas, for such ungentle doom !
 “ But I will shield you ; and supply
 “ A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
 “ A nobler bed on which to die.

While, ever as she read, the conscious maid,
By faltering voice and downcast looks betray'd,

NOTES.

- " Come then—ere yet the morning ray
 " Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
" And drawn your balmiest sweets away ;
 " O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.
- " Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know,
 " What worth, what goodness there reside,
" Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
 " And spread their leaves with conscious pride.
- " For there has liberal Nature join'd
 " Her riches to the stores of Art,
" And added to the vigorous mind,
 " The soft, the sympathising heart.
- " Come then—ere yet the morning ray
 " Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
" And drawn your balmiest sweets away ;
 " O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.
- " O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
 " Might I but hope with you to share,—
" Years of anxiety repaid,
 " By one short hour of transport there.
- " More blest than me, thus shall ye live
 " Your little day ; and, when ye die,
" Sweet flowers ! the grateful muse shall give
 " A verse, the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

Would blushing on her lover's neck recline,
 And with her finger—point the tenderest line. 200

NOTES.

- “ While I, alas! no distant date,
 “ Mix with the dust from whence I came,
 “ Without a friend to weep my fate,
 “ Without a stone to tell my name.

GREENWICH-HILL.

FIRST OF MAY.

- “ Though clouds obscured the morning hour,
 “ And keen and eager blew the blast,
 “ And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
 “ As, doubtful, to the skiff we past:
- “ All soon, propitious to our prayer,
 “ Gave promise of a brighter day;
 “ The clouds dispers'd in purer air,
 “ The blast in zephyrs died away.
- “ So have we, Love, a day enjoy'd,
 “ On which we both—and yet, who knows ?—
 “ May dwell with pleasure unalloy'd,
 “ And dread no thorn beneath the rose.
- “ How pleasant, from that dome-crown'd hill,
 “ To view the varied scene below,
 “ Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
 “ The circling Thames' majestic flow !

H

But these are past: and, mark me, Laura! Time,
Which made what then was venial, now a crime,

NOTES.

- “ How sweet, as indolently laid,
“ We overhung that long-drawn dale,
“ To watch the chequer’d light and shade,
“ That glanced upon the shifting sail!
- “ And when the shadow’s rapid growth
“ Proclaim’d the noon-tide hour expired,
“ And, though unwearied, “ nothing loath,”
“ We to our simple meal retired ;
- “ The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
“ The careless mind’s spontaneous flow,
“ Gave to that simple meal a zest,
“ Which richer tables may not know.—
- “ The babe that, on the mother’s breast,
“ Has toy’d and wanton’d for a while,
“ And, sinking to unconscious rest,
“ Looks up to catch a parting smile ;
- “ Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
“ When, ere thy ruby lips could part,
“ (As close to mine thy cheek was laid,)
“ Thine eyes had open’d all thy heart.
- “ Then, then, I mark’d the chasten’d joy
“ That lightly o’er thy features stole,
“ From vows repaid, (my sweet employ,)
“ From truth, from innocence of soul :

To more befitting cares my thoughts confined,
And drove, with youth, its follies from my mind.

NOTES.

“ While every word dropt on my ear
“ So soft, (and yet it seems to thrill,)
“ So sweet, that 'twas a heav'n to hear,
“ And e'en thy pause had music still.—

“ And O! how like a fairy dream,
“ To gaze in silence on the tide,
“ While soft and warm the sunny gleam
“ Slept on the glassy surface wide !

“ And many a thought of fancy bred,
“ Wild, soothing, tender, undefin'd,
“ Play'd lightly round the heart, and shed
“ Delicious languor o'er the mind.

“ So hours like moments wing'd their flight,
“ Till now the boatman, on the shore,
“ Impatient of the waning light,
“ Recall'd us by the dashing oar.

“ Well, Anna,—many days like this
“ I cannot, must not, hope to share ;
“ For I have found an hour of bliss
“ Still follow'd by an age of care.

“ Yet oft, when memory intervenes ——
“ But you, dear maid, be happy still,
“ Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
“ The day we past on GREENWICH HILL.”

(*m*) Since this, while Merry and his nurslings die,
 Thrill'd* by the liquid peril of an eye ; 206
 Gasp at a recollection, and drop down,
 At the long streamy lightning of a frown ;

IMITATIONS.

(*m*) Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona,
 dumque
 Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo,
 Quæ nec in æde sonent certantia, iudice Tarpâ.

NOTES.

THE GRAVE OF ANNA.

“ I wish I was where ANNA lies ;
 “ For I am sick of lingering here ;
 “ And every hour Affection cries,
 “ Go, and partake her humble bier.

“ I wish I could ! For, when she died,
 “ I lost my all ; and life has proved,
 “ Since that sad hour, a dreary void,
 “ A waste unlovely, and unloved.—

“ But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
 “ Shall duly to her grave repair,
 “ And pluck the ragged moss away,
 “ And weeds that have ‘ no business there !’

I sooth, as humour prompts, my idle vein,
In frolick verse, that cannot hope to gain

210

NOTES.

- “ And who, with pious hand, shall bring
“ The flowers she cherish’d, snow-drops cold,
“ And violets that unheeded spring,
“ To scatter o’er her hallow’d mold ?
- “ And who, while memory loves to dwell
“ Upon her name for ever dear,
“ Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
“ And pour the bitter, bitter, tear ?
- “ I DID IT : and, would fate allow,
“ Should visit still, should still deplore—
“ But health and strength have left me now,
“ And I, alas ! can weep no more.
- “ Take then, sweet maid ! this simple strain,
“ The last I offer at thy shrine ;
“ Thy grave must then undeck’d remain,
“ And all thy memory fade with mine.
- “ And can thy soft persuasive look,
“ Thy voice, that might with music vie,
“ Thy air, that every gazer took,
“ Thy matchless eloquence of eye ;
- “ Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,
“ Thy courage, by no ills dismay’d,
“ Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued,
“ Thy gay good-humour—Can they ‘ fade !’

Admission to the Album, or be seen,
In L——'s Review, or Urban's Magazine.

O, for thy spirit, Pope! Yet why? My lays,
Which wake no envy, and invite no praise,
Half-creeping, and half-flying, yet suffice 215
To stagger impudence, and ruffle vice.
An hour may come, so I delight to dream
When slowly wandering by thy sacred stream
Majestic Thames! I leave the world behind,
And give to fancy all th' enraptured mind; 220
An hour may come, when I shall strike the lyre
To nobler themes: then, then, the chords inspire

NOTES.

" Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye :
" Cold turf, which I no more must view,
" Dear name, which I no more must sigh
" A long, a last, a sad adieu !"

* Thrill'd, &c.

" Bid the streamy lightnings fly,
" In liquid peril from thy eye."

DELL. CRUS

" Ne'er shalt thou know to sigh,
" Or on a soft idea die,
" Ne'er on a recollection grasp,
" Thy arms."——Ohe! jam satis est

ANNA MAT.

With thy own harmony, most sweet, most strong,
 And guide my hand thro' all the maze of song !
 Till then, enough for me, in such rude strains 225
 As mother-wit can give, and those small pains
 A vacant hour allows, to range the town,
 And hunt the clamorous brood of Folly down ;
 Force every head, in Este's despite, to wear
 The cap and bells, by nature planted there, 230
 Muffle the rattle, seize the slaver's sholes,
 And drive them, scourg'd and whimpering, to their
 holes.

Burgoyne,* perhaps,(n) unchill'd by creeping age,
 May yet arise, and vindicate the stage ;
 The reign of nature and of sense restore, 235
 And be—whatever Terence was before.
 And you, too, whole Menander !† who combine,
 With his pure language, and his flowing line,

IMITATIONS.

(n) Arguta meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
 Eludente senem, comis garrere libellos
 Unus vivorum, Fundani.—

NOTES.

* Burgoyne.—See the note on v. 21.

† And you, too, whole Menander, &c. O spem fallacem !
 Our Menander has since “ stolen an hour,” (it would

The SOUL of Comedy ; may steal an hour
 From the fond chace of still-escaping power, 240
 The poet and the sage again unite,
 And sweetly blend instruction with delight.

(o) And yet Elfrida's bard, tho' time has shed
 The snow of age too deeply round his head,
 Feels the kind warmth, the fervour, which inspired
 His youthful breast, still glow uncheck'd, untired :
 And yet, tho' like the bird of eve, his song
 " Fit audience finds not " in the giddy throng,
 The notes, tho' artful wild, tho' numerous chaste,
 Fill with delight the sober ear of taste. 250

But these, and more I could with honour name,
 Too proud to stoop, like me, to vulgar game,
 Subjects, more worthy of their daring, chuse,
 And leave at large the abortions of the Muse.

IMITATIONS.

(o) ——— molle atque facetum
 Virgillo annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.

NOTES.

be injustice to suppose it more,) from public pursuits,
 and prostituted it to the re-production of a German
 sooterkin.

Proud of their privilege, the innumerable spawn, 255
 From bogs and fens, the mire of Pindus, drawn,
 New vigour feel, new confidence assume,
 And swarm like Pharoah's frogs, in every room.

Sick of th' eternal croak, which, ever near,
 Beat like the death-watch on my tortured ear; 260
 And sure, too sure, that many a genuine child
 Of truth and nature, check'd his wood-notes wild,*
 (Dear to the feeling heart,) in doubt to win
 The vacant wanderer, mid the unceasing din

NOTES.

* Checked his wood-notes wild.—Σιωπησαίνων κολοίων, *ασοῦνται κυκνοί*. But this is better illustrated in a most elegant fable of Lessing, to which I despair of doing justice in a translation.

“Du zürnest, Liebling der Musen,” &c. &c.

Thou art troubled, darling of the Muses, thou art troubled at the clamorous swarms of insects which infest Parnassus. O hear from me what once the nightingale heard from the shepherd.

Sing then, said he to the silent songstress, one lovely evening in the spring, sing then, sweet nightingale! Alas! said the nightingale, the frogs croak so loud, that I have lost all desire to sing: dost thou not hear them? I do, indeed, replied the shepherd—but thy silence alone is the cause of it.

“There's comfort yet!”

Of this hoarse rout ; I seized at length the wand ; 265
 Resolv'd, tho' small my skill, tho' weak my hand,
 The mischief, in its progress, to arrest,
 And exorcise the soil of such a pest.

HENCE ! IN THE NAME—I scarce had spoke,
 when, lo !

Reams of outrageous sonnets,* thick as snow, 270

NOTES.

* Reams of outrageous sonnets.—Of these I have collected a very reasonable quantity, which I purpose to prefix to some future edition of the Mæviad, under the classic head of

INSIGNIUM VIRORUM

ALIIQUOT TESTIMONIA

QUI

BAV : ET MÆV : INCLYTISS : AUCTORIS

MEMINERUNT.

Meanwhile I shall present the reader with the first two which occur, as a specimen of the collection.

SONNET I.

“ To the anonymous author of the Baviad, occasioned
 “ by his scurrilous, and most unmerited attack on Mr.
 “ Weston.

“ DEMON OF DARKNESS ! whosoe'er thou art,

“ That dar'st assume the brighter angel's form, .

“ And o'er the peaceful vale impel the storm,

“ With many a sigh to rend the *honest* heart.

Flew round my head ; yet, in my cause secure,
 “ Pour on,” I cried, “ pour on, I will endure.”—

NOTES.

“ Force from th’ *unconscious* eye the tear to start,
 “ And with just *pride* th’ indignant bosom warm;
 “ Avaunt! to where unnumber’d spirits swarm,
 “ Foul and malignant as thyself, depart.
 “ Genius of Pope descend, ye servile crew
 “ Of imitators vile, intrude not!!! I appeal
 “ To thee, and thee alone from outrage base, ‘
 “ Tell me, tho’ fair the forms his fancy drew,
 “ Should’st thou the secrets of his heart reveal,
 Would fame his memory crown, or cover with dis-
 “ grace ?

J. M.

GENT MAG. Aug. 1792.

This poor driveller, who is stupid enough to be Weston’s admirer, and malignant enough to be his friend, I take to be one Morley;* whom I now and then observe

* I was right. Mr. Morley, who, I understand, is a clergyman, and who, like Mr. Parsons, exults in the idea of having first attacked me, has since published a “ TALE,” the wit, or rather dulness of which, if I recollect right, consists in my being disappointed of a Living.

Here follow a few of the introductory lines, which for poetry and pleasantry can only be exceeded by those of Mr. Parsons.

“ What if a little once I did abuse thee?
 “ Worse than thou hadst deserved I could not use thee;

What ! shall I shrink, because the noble train,
Whose judgment I impugn, whose taste arraign,

NOTES.

in the Gent. Mag. ushering his great prototype's doggrel into notice, with an importance truly worthy of it.

" For when I spied thy Satyr's cloven foot,
" 'Tis very true I took thee for a brute ;
" And marking more attentively thy manners,
" I since have wished thy hide were at the tanner's.
" But if a man thou art, as some suppose,
" Oh ! how my fingers itch to pull thy nose !
" As pleased as Punch, I'd hold it in my gripe,
" Till Parkinson had stuffed thee for a snipe !! "

It is rather singular that this still-born lump of insipidity should be introduced to the Bookseller under the auspices of DOCTOR PARR. If that respectable name was not abused on the occasion, I can only say that politics, like misery, " bring a man acquainted with " strange bedfellows ! "

For the rest, I will present Mr. Morley with a couple of lines, which, if he will get them construed, and seriously reflect upon, before he next puts pen to paper, may be of more service to him, than all the instruction, and all the encouragement, the Doctor, apparently, ever gave him.

Cur ego laborem notus esse tam pravè
Cum stare gratis cum silentio possim !

I find from a letter which my publisher has received from Dr. Parr, that this note (which I have left in its original state) has given him some slight degree of uneasiness.

It is satisfactory to me to reflect that this uneasiness is founded on a misapprehension. When I remarked on the " singularity of Mr. " Morley's ' TALE ' being introduced under the auspices of Dr. Parr, "

Alive, and trembling for their favourite's fate, 275
Pursue my verse with unrelenting hate !

NOTES.

SONNET II.

“ TO THE EXECRABLE BAVIAD.

“ MONSTER OF TURPITUDE ! who seem'st inclined
“ Through me to pierce with thy *impregnate* dart,
“ The *fine-spun* NERVE of each *full bosom'd* mind,*
“ And rock in *apathy*—the SENSIVE heart,
“ TREMBLE ! for lo ! MY ORACLE—*so fam'd*
“ Shall RING each morn in thy ACCURSED ear
“ A *griding* pang ! so—when the GRECIAN MARE†
“ Enter'd the *town*, old PYRAMUS exclaim'd

I merely alluded to a conversation which Mr. Morley himself was said to have had with his Bookseller—and I then suspected (what I now find, from the Doctor's letter, to be the case) that this respectable name (Dr. Parr's) was abused, *i. e.* introduced upon the occasion, “ without his consent, or even knowledge.”

If my words conveyed the idea (which I now apprehend they

* Quere full-bottomed.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

† GRECIAN MARE.—This has been *hitherto*, inaccurately enough, named the Trojan HORSE ; and indeed, I myself had nearly fallen into the unscholarlike error, when my learned friend Greathead convinced me (from Pope's emendations of Virgil, under the fantastic name of Scriblerius) that the animal in question was a MARE—She being *there* said to be foeta armis, armed with a foetus. Let us hear no more, therefore, of the Trojan HORSE !

The patronymick TROJAN is still more absurd. Homer expressly

No :—save me from their PRAISE, and I can sit
Calm, unconcern'd, the butt of Andrews' wit,

NOTES.

"I see! I see!—and *hur'l'd* his LIGHTNING spear,
"While Capaneus drew back *his* head—for fear,
"And *godlike** Alexander—gazing round,
"Unconscious of his victories—TO COME,

may) that Dr. Parr himself had recommended the "Tale," it was far from my intention; and I am sorry for it. Indeed, I am sorry that his name was mentioned at all in the Mæviad. It is totally out of its place; and I can only regret, that a juster estimation both of Doctor Parr and of Mr. Morley, had not changed my "suspicion" of the latter into certainty, and induced me to attribute his recommendatory story to vanity, and something else not altogether so venial.

In conclusion: though Dr. Parr gives up Mr. Morley's poetry, yet he seems to think I have undervalued his other attainments—"his Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and his vigorous and elegant prose."—Of all these I knew nothing. When "there is no occasion for such vanity, I doubt not but Mr. Morley will take care to let them appear:" meanwhile, I must be content to judge him from what I know—his Sonnets and his Tale. It is but fair to add, however, that the sound and salutary advice which Dr. Parr gave this poor addle-headed man (to say nothing of the tenderness with which he speaks of him) does no less honour to his friendship, than the reprobation of his poetry does to his taste:

declares the Mare to have been produced by Pallas—Palladis arte: now Pallas was a GRECIAN Goddess, as is sufficiently manifest from her name, which is derived from Πάλλω vibro. *

J. BELL.

* Godlike; that is, θεοειδής, from θεο, God, and ειδής, like. (Vide Hom.) Translators in general (I except a late one) are too

And Topham's sense ; perversely gay can smile,
 While Este, (*p*) the zany, in his motley style, 280
 Calls barbarous names ; while Bell and Boaden
 rave.

And Vaughan, a brother blockhead's verse to save,
 Toils day by day my character to draw,
 And heaps upon me every thing—but law,

IMITATIONS.

(*p*) Men' moveat cimex Pantilius ? aut crucier,
 quod
 Vellicet absentem Demetrius ? aut quod ineptus
 Fannius Hermoginis lædat conviva Tigelli ?

NOTES.

“ Approach'd the monarch, and with *sobs* profound
 “ Explain'd th' *impending* wrath o'er Ilium's royal
 “ dome.”

J. BELL.

inattentive to the compound epithets of this great poet. But why does Homer call Alexander Godlike, when he appears from Curtius Quintiuses tedious gazette in verse, to have had one shoulder higher than the other ? My friend Vaughan thinks it was purely to pay his court to him, in hopes of getting into his Will, or rather *into his MISTRESS's*. It may be so ; but 'tis strange the absurdity was never noticed before.

J. BELL.

But do I then, (abjuring every aim,) 285
 All censure slight, and all applause disclaim?
 Not so : where judgment holds the rod, I bow
 My humbled neck, awed by her angry brow ;
 Where taste and sense approve, I feel a joy,
 Dear to my heart, and mix'd with no alloy. 290

I write not to the modish herd : my days,
 Spent in the tranquil shades of letter'd ease,
 Ask no admiring stare from those I meet,
 No loud " that's HE !" to make their passage sweet :
 Pleased to steal softly by, unmark'd, unknown, 295
 I leave the world to Holcroft, Pratt,* and Vaughan.

NOTES.

* PRATT. This gentleman lately put in practice a very notable scheme. Having scribbled himself fairly out of notice, he found it expedient to retire to the continent for a few months—to provoke the inquiries of Mr. Lane's indefatigable readers.

Mark the ingratitude of the creatures ! No inquiries were made, and Mr. Pratt was forgotten before he had crossed the channel. *Ibi omnis effusus labor.*—But what !

The mouse that is content with one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

Baffled in this expedient, he had recourse to another, and while we were dreaming of nothing less, came before us in the following paragraph.

Of these enough. Yet (*q*) may the few I love,
 (For who would sing in vain ?) my verse approve ;
 Chief THOU, my friend ! who, from my earliest years,
 Hast shared my joys, and more than shared my cares.

Sure, if our fates hang on some hidden Power, 301
 And take their colour from the natal hour,

IMITATIONS.

(*q*)——probat hæc Octavius, optimus atque
 Fuscus : et hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque !

NOTES.

“ A few days since died, at Basle in Swisserland, the ingenious Mr. Pratt. His loss will be severely felt by the literary world ; as he joined to the accomplishments of the gentleman the erudition of the scholar.”

This was inserted in the London papers for several days successively. The country papers too “ yelled out like syllables of dolour.” At length, while our eyes were yet wet for the irreparable loss we had sustained, came a second paragraph :

“ As no event of late has caused a more general sorrow than the supposed death of the ingenious Mr. Pratt, we are happy to have it in our power to assure his numerous admirers, that he is as well as they can wish, and (what they will be delighted to hear) busied in preparing his TRAVELS for the press.”

“ Laud we the Gods !”

Then, IRELAND!* the same planet on us rose,
Such the strong sympathies our lives disclose !

NOTES.

* Here, on account of its connection with the person mentioned in the text, I shall take the liberty—*extremum hunc mihi concede*—of inserting the following “Imitation,” addressed to him several years since. It was never printed: nor, as far as I know, seen by any one but himself: and I transcribe it for the press with mingled sensations of gratitude and delight, at the favourable change of circumstances which we have BOTH experienced since it was written.

TO THE

REV. JOHN IRELAND.*

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. II. ODE 16.

Otium Divos rogat, &c.

WHEN howling winds, and lowering skies,
The light, untimber'd bark surprise,
Near Orkney's boisterous seas; †
The trembling crew forget to swear,
And bend the knees unused to prayer,
To ask a little ease.

For ease the Turk, ferocious, prays,
For ease the barbarous Russe—for ease,
Which Palk could ne'er obtain ;

* Now Prebendary of Westminster.

Thou know'st how soon we felt this influence
bland, 305

And sought the brook and coppice, hand in hand,
And shaped rude bows, and uncouth whistles blew,
And paper kites (a last, great effort) flew;
And when the day was done, retired to rest,
Sleep on our eyes, and sunshine in our breast. 310

In riper years, again together thrown,
Our studies, as our sports before, were one.

NOTES.

Which Bedford lack'd amidst his store,
And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,
Oft bade for—but in vain.

For not the liveried tribes which wait
Around the mansions of the great,
Can keep, my friend, aloof,
Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,
And Care that, like a raven, flits
Around the lordly roof.

“O, well is he” to whom kind heaven
A decent competence has given!
Rich in the blessing sent,
He grasps not anxiously at more,
Dreads not to use his little store,
And fattens on content.

Together we explored the stoic page
Of the Ligurian, stern tho' beardless sage !
Or traced the Aquinian thro' the Latine road, 315
And trembled at the lashes he bestow'd.
Together too, when Greece unlock'd her stores,
We roved, in thought, o'er Troy's devoted shores,

NOTES.

" O well is he ! " for life is lost,
Amidst a whirl of passions tost ;
Then why, dear Jack, should man,
Magnanimous Ephemera ! stretch
His eager views beyond the reach
Of his contracted span !

Why should he from his country run,
In hopes, beneath a foreign sun,
Serener hours to find ?
Was never one in this wild chace,
Who-changed his nature with his place,
And left himself behind.

Lo ! wing'd with all the lightning's speed,
Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
An inmate of the breast :
Nor Barca's heat, nor Zembla's cold,
Can drive from that pernicious hold,
The too tenacious guest.

Or follow'd, while he sought his native soil,
 "That old man eloquent," from toil to toil; 320
 Lingerin', with good Alcinöus, o'er the tale,
 Till the east redden'd, and the stars grew pale.
 So past our life; till fate, severely kind,
 Tore us apart, and land and sea disjoin'd,

NOTES.

He whom no anxious thought annoys,
 Grateful, the *present* hour enjoys,
 Nor seeks the *next* to know;
 To lighten every ill he strives,
 Nor, ere Misfortune's hand arrives,
 Anticipates the blow.

Something must ever be amiss,
 Man HAS his joys; but—perfect bliss—
 A phantom of the brain!
 We cannot all have all we want;
 And Chance, unask'd, to THIS may grant
 What THAT has begg'd in vain.

Wolfe rush'd on death in manhood's bloom,
 Paulet crept slowly to the tomb;
Here breath, *there* fame was given:
 And that wise Power, who weighs our lives,
 By *contras*, and by *pros*, contrives,
 To keep the balance even.

For many a year : Now met, to part no more, 325
The ascendant Power, confess'd so strong of yore,
Stronger by absence, every thought controuls,
And knits, in perfect unity, our souls.

O, IRELAND ! if the verse, which thus essays
To trace our lives " e'en from our boyish days," 330

NOTES.

To THEE, she gave two piercing eyes,
A body——just of Tydeus' size,
A judgment sound and clear ;
A mind with various science fraught,
A liberal soul, a thread-bare coat,
And forty pounds a year.

To ME, one eye not over good,
Two sides that, to their cost, have stood
A ten years hectic cough ;
Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills,
Which swell the devilish doctor's bills,
And sweep poor mortals off.

A coat more bare than thine, a soul
That spurns the crowd's malign controul ;
A fix'd contempt of wrong ;
Spirits above affliction's power,
And skill to charm the lonely hour,
With no inglorious song.

Delight thy ear, the world beside may rail—
 I care not—at the uninteresting tale :
 I only seek, in language void of art,
 To ope my breast, and pour out all my heart ;
 And, boastful of thy various worth, to tell, 835
 How long we loved, and thou canst add, **HOW WELL !**
 Thou too, **MY HOPPNER !*** if my wish avail'd,
 Should'st praise the strain that but for thee had fail'd:

NOTES.

* Since this Edition was prepared for the press, the country has been deprived of this distinguished and enlightened artist, whose hard destiny it was to struggle with many difficulties through the intermediate stages of an arduous profession, and to be snatched from the world at the moment when his "greatness was a ripening," and the full reward of his labours and his genius securely within his grasp. His art, by his untimely fate, has sustained a loss which will not easily be repaired ; for he was, in all respects, a very eminent man, and, while he lived, most vigorously supported by his precept, as well as by the example of his own productions, those genuine principles of taste and nature, which the genius of Reynolds first implanted among us. But though Mr. Hoppner well knew to appreciate that extraordinary person, and entertained the highest veneration for his professional powers, he was very far from his copyist—occasionally, indeed, he imitated his manner, and formed his pictures on similar principles, but what he thus borrowed, he made his own with such

Thou know'st, when Indolence possess'd me all,
How oft I roused at thy inspiring call ; 340

NOTES.

playful ingenuity, and adorned and concealed his plagiarism with so many winning and original graces, that his pardon was sealed ere his sentence could be pronounced. The prevailing fashion of the times, together with his own narrow circumstances in early life, necessarily directed his attention, almost exclusively, to the study of Portrait-painting: in a different situation, the natural bent of his genius, no less than his inclinations, would probably have led him to landscape, and the rural and familiar walks of life; for when he exercised his talents upon subjects of this nature, he did it with so much ease and pleasure to himself, and was always so eminently successful, that it furnishes matter for regret, that the severe and harassing duties of his principal occupation did not allow him more frequent opportunities of indulging his fancy in the pursuit of objects so congenial with his feelings and disposition. Of his exquisite taste in Landscape, the back grounds, which he occasionally introduced in his portraits, will alone afford sufficient evidence, without considering the beautiful sketches in chalk, with which he was accustomed to amuse his leisure hours. These are executed with a vigour and felicity peculiar to himself, and discover a knowledge and comprehension of Landscape which would do honour to a Gainsborough. Indeed, in several respects, there appear to have been many points of similarity between these extraordinary men, not only in particular parts of their art, but also in their conversation, disposition, and character.

•

Burst from the Syren's fascinating power,
And gave the Muse thou lov'st, one studious hour.

NOTES.

In Portrait, however, Mr. Hoppner was decidedly superior, and so far outstripped Gainsborough in this department of art, that it would be the highest injustice to attempt a comparison of their powers. The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Hoppner's style is an easy and unaffected elegance, which reigns throughout all his works: his naturally refined taste appeared to have given him almost intuitively an aversion from every thing which bordered on affectation and vulgarity; and enabled him to stamp an air of gentility and fashion on the most inveterate awkwardness and deformity. Few men ever sacrificed to the Graces more liberally or with greater success: at his transforming touch, harshness and asperity dimpled into smiles; age lost its furrows and its pallid hues, and swelled on the sight in all the splendour of youthful exuberance. This power of improving what was placed before him, without annihilating resemblance, obtained him a decided preference to all the artists of his day, among the fairer part of fashionable society, with whom, it is probable, even Sir Joshua himself was never so great a favourite. Reynolds was too apt to be guilty of the sin of painting *all* he saw, and now and then would maliciously exaggerate any little defect, if he could thereby encrease the strength of the character which he was depicting. Mr. Hoppner pursued a different plan; he painted his beauties not always exactly as they appeared, but as they wished to appear; and to those whose charms were "falling into the scar, the yellow leaf," his

Proud of thy friendship, while the voice of fame,
Pursues thy merits, with a loud acclaim,

NOTES.

pictures were the most agreeable, and consequently the truest of all mirrors. The same qualities which rendered him so highly successful in his portraits of women, did not perhaps afford him equal advantages in those of the other sex; in which strength and character ought to take the lead of almost every other consideration: his portraits of men were generally, if the expression be allowable, too civilized and genteel to be very striking and forcible; and in his constant wish to represent the gentleman, he sometimes failed to delineate the man. To this observation, however, it must be acknowledged, that many of his best works form very splendid exceptions, and those who have viewed and attentively examined his admirable portraits of the Archbishop of York, Lord Spencer, Dr. Pitcairn, Mr. Pitt, &c. may rather feel inclined to regret that the prevailing fashion of the day should, in this instance, have produced a misapplication of his powers, than to lament their natural deficiency.

In his portraits of children he was peculiarly fortunate; he entered completely into the infantine character, and arranged his compositions of this species with that unaffected ease and playful grace, which so pleasingly mark the early periods of human life. One great charm of his pictures, arises from the air of negligence and facility which pervades them; their production appears to have cost no effort, and the careless boldness of his handling, equally removed from insipidity and handicraft, stamps the hand of a master upon

I share the triumph; not unpleased to see 345
Our kindred destinies :—for thou, like me,

NOTES.

the most trifling of his performances. His colouring is natural, chaste, and powerful; and his tones, for the most part mellow and deep; the texture of his flesh is uniformly excellent, and his pencilling rich and full; his carnations transparent, fresh, and distinct, yet so artfully and judiciously broken, that it requires an experienced eye to detect the delicate process by which the effect is accomplished. In the flesh of his best female portraits, in particular, there is an union of airiness with substance, of lustre with refined softness which has rarely been surpassed, except by that great original Hand, which in the formation of its “last best work,” rendered all chance of rivalry hopeless.

The absorbing quality of his principal pursuit, seldom allowed Mr. Hoppner to turn his attention practically to the more elevated departments of art; yet he had a sincere respect for the noble productions of the Italian schools, and the writer of these pages still remembers with pleasure, the enthusiastic delight which he evinced, upon first entering the Louvre, and viewing the wonders of that magnificent Collection.—Taste in the arts and elegancies of life he possessed in a very uncommon degree. It formed the distinguishing feature of his character, and shone alike conspicuously, whether his talents were exercised upon music or painting, in writing or conversation. His colloquial powers indeed have not often been excelled; for, in his happiest moments, there was a novelty of thought, a playful brilliancy, and a boundless fertility of invention, which

Wast thrown too soon on the world's dangerous tide,
To sink or swim, as chance might best decide.—

NOTES.

affixed to all he uttered the stamp of originality and genius, and delighted every hearer.—Sometimes indeed, he indulged in a severity of sarcasm, which, to such as are unaccustomed to make allowances for the quick perceptions and irritable feelings of genius, appeared to partake somewhat too much of bitterness and asperity: possibly, when engaged in mixed society, this notion might not be altogether void of foundation; but they who were accustomed to enjoy his company under different circumstances, amid the tranquil scenes of rural retirement, when his mind was free from the little cares and fretting incidents of the world, and his character and feelings were allowed their full scope, will ever remember, with a sensation of mingled sorrow and delight, the fancy, the enthusiasm, and the sentimental tenderness, which, on such occasions, breathed throughout his discourse. His education had been neglected: such, however, was the energy and activity of his mind, that this original defect was visible only to the few who were in habits of the closest intimacy with him. He read much, and with discrimination and judgment: the best English authors were familiar to him; and there was scarcely a topic of conversation into which he could not enter with advantage, or a subject, however remote from his ordinary pursuits, which his taste could not embellish, and his knowledge illustrate.

He died on the 23d of January, 1810, of a lingering and doubtful disease, at the age of fifty-one years. In the early

ME, all too weak to gain the distant land,
The waves had whelm'd, but that an outstretch'd
hand 350

Kindly upheld, when now with fear unnerv'd :—
And still protects the life it then preserv'd.

THEE, powers untried, perhaps unfelt before,
Enabled, tho' with pain, to reach the shore,
While West stood by, the doubtful strife to view,
Nor lent a friendly arm to help thee through. 356
Nor ceased the struggle there; Hate, ill-suppress,
Her vantage took of thy ingenuous breast,

NOTES.

progress of his complaint, he did not appear to entertain the slightest idea of its fatal termination; but a few months previously to his death, it is evident, from the following affecting incident, that he was fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. Towards the close of autumn, as he was walking on the sunny side of St. James's-square, which from its warm and sheltered situation he was in the habit of frequenting, he was met by a near relation of the writer, who, after accompanying him for a short distance, prepared to quit him. "No; don't go yet," said he, "my good fellow—stay and take another turn or two with me. —I like to walk in the decline of the last summer's sun, which I shall ever live to enjoy."

Where saving wisdom yet had placed no screen,
And every word, and every thought, was seen, 360
To darken all thy life——'Tis past: more bright,
Thro' the disparting gloom, thou strik'st the sight;
While baffled malice hastes thy powers to own,
And wonders at the worth, so long unknown!

I too, whose voice no claims but truth's e'er moved,
Who long have seen thy merits, long have loved, 366
Yet loved in silence, lest the rout should say,
Too-partial friendship tuned th' applausive lay;
Now, now, that all conspire thy name to raise,
May join the shout of unsuspected praise. 370

Go then, since the long struggle now is o'er,
And envy can obstruct thy fame no more,
With ardent hand thy magic toil pursue,
And pour fresh wonders on the raptured view.—
One SUN is set, one GLORIOUS SUN, whose rays, 375
Long gladden'd Britain, with no common blaze:
O, may'st THOU soon (for clouds begin to rise
Assert his station in the Eastern skies,
Glow with his fires, and give the world to see,
Another REYNOLDS risen, MY FRIEND, in THEE!

But whither roves the Muse? I but design'd,
To note the few whose praise delights my mind;

But friendship's power has drawn the verse astray,
Wide from its aim, a long, but flowery way.
Yet one remains, ONE NAME for ever dear, 385
With whom, conversing many a happy year,
I mark'd with secret joy the opening bloom
Of Virtue, prescient of the fruits to come,
Truth, honour, rectitude----O ! while thy breast,
My BELGRAVE ! of its every wish possesst, 390
Swells with its recent transports, recent fears,
And tenderest titles strike, yet charm thy ears,
Say, wilt thou from thy feelings pause awhile,
To view my humble labours with a smile?
Thou wilt : for still 'tis thy delight to praise, 395
And still thy fond applause has crown'd my lays.

Here then I rest ; sooth'd with the hope to prove
The approbation of " the few I love,"
Join'd (for ambitious thoughts will sometimes rise)
To the kind suff'rance of the good and wise. 400
Thus happy—I can leave, with tranquil breast,
Fashion's loud praise to Laura and the rest,
Who rhyme and rattle, innocent of thought,
Nor know that nothing can proceed from nought.
Thus happy,—I can view, unruffled, Miles, 405
Twist, into splay-foot doggrel, all St. Giles,

Edwin spin paragraphs with Vaughan's whole skill,
Este, rapt in nonsense, gnaw his grey-goose quill,
Merry in dithyrambics rave his wrongs,
And Weston, foaming from Pope's odious songs, 410
"Much-injured Weston," vent in odes his grief,
And fly to Urban for a short relief.

PROCEEDINGS
ON THE
TRIAL
OF
ROBERT FAULDER, BOOKSELLER,
*(One of FORTY against whom Actions were brought for
selling the Baviad,)*
FOR PUBLISHING
A L I B E L
ON
JOHN WILLIAMS,
Alias **ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.**
(See Introduction to the Baviad.)

TRIAL, &c

DECLARATION.

*Michaelmas Term, in the Thirty-eighth Year of
King George the Third.*

Middlesex, } **JOHN WILLIAMS** complains of **Robert Faulder** being in the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea of our Sovereign Lord the now King, before the King himself, of a plea of trespass on the case. For that **WHEREAS** the said John NOW IS, AND FROM THE TIME OF HIS NATIVITY HITHERTO HATH BEEN A PERSON OF UPRIGHT AND MORAL CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR, and as an upright and moral person, hath, during all the time aforesaid, behaved himself; and always until the publishing of the false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory libels hereafter mentioned to have been published by the said Robert, had

been holden and reputed to be a person of good name, fame, credit, and unsullied character and reputation amongst all his neighbours, and other good and worthy subjects of this realm, AND NEVER WAS GUILTY, NOR UNTIL THE TIME OF THE PUBLISHING OF THE FALSE AND DEFAMATORY LIBELS HEREINAFTER MENTIONED, HAD BEEN SUSPECTED OF BEING GUILTY OF ANY THING INDECENT, OBSCENE, IMMORAL, OR UNBECOMING, OR OF TRADUCING, CENSURING, OR CALUMNIATING THE INNOCENT AND THE VIRTUOUS; by means of all which premises the said John, before, and at the time of the publishing of the false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory libels hereinafter mentioned, had deservedly obtained, acquired, and gotten to himself, and then enjoyed, the good opinion, credit, and esteem of all persons any ways acquainted with him, and of other good and worthy subjects of this realm.

AND WHEREAS ALSO, the said John, long before, and at the time of the publishing of the libels hereinafter mentioned, did use, exercise, follow, and carry on the profession of an author, and in the way of such his PROFESSION, had composed and pub-

lished divers and very many books, poems, and other publications, and had thereby obtained, and acquired to himself, and then enjoyed **GREAT PUBLIC FAME, CELEBRITY, ADMIRATION, AND APPLAUSE**, in his said profession of an author, and the compositions and publications of the said John, were, in consequence thereof, **IN SUCH GENERAL REPUTE AND ESTEEM, AND IN SO GREAT REQUEST**, that he, the said John, at the time of the publication of the several false, scandalous, and defamatory libels hereinafter mentioned to have been published by the said Robert, was, in the way of his said **PROFESSION**, daily and **HONESTLY** acquiring divers and **VERY GREAT GAINS, PROFITS, AND EMOLUMENTS**, **TO HIS VERY COMFORTABLE SUPPORT, AND TO THE GREAT INCREASE OF HIS RICHES.**

And the said John further saith, long before, and at the time of the publication of the several false, scandalous, and defamatory libels hereinafter mentioned; he, the said John, was generally and publicly known, as well by the name of **ANTHONY PASQUIN**, as by the name of **JOHN WILLIAMS**, many of his **MOST ADMIRABLE COMPOSITIONS** having been published under the name of Anthony Pasquin.

Yet, nevertheless, the said Robert, well knowing all and singular the premises, but **GREATLY ENVYING** the happy state and condition of the said John, and contriving and maliciously intending to prejudice, degrade, and damnify the said John, not only in his aforesaid good name, credit, character, and reputation, and to bring him into great and public scandal, infamy, and disgrace amongst all his neighbours, and other good and worthy subjects of this realm ; and to cause it to be believed and suspected, that the said John was a person of loose, indecent, shameless, profligate, infamous, and immoral manners, conduct, and behaviour, and a traducer, calumniator, and destroyer of the reputations of divers innocent, virtuous, and worthy subjects of this realm, but also to degrade, depreciate, vilify, prejudice, injure, and damnify him, the said John, in the way of his aforesaid **PROFESSION** of an author, and to bring the compositions and publications of the said John into public disesteem, disregard, and disrepute, and to cause it to be believed that the productions of the said John as an author or composer were **INSIGNIFICANT, TRIFLING, DULL, LICENTIOUS, AND IMMORAL**, and that the said John was a venal and

prostituted author, who bartered his abilities to the service of any person or cause, from pecuniary motives, and otherwise to injure and damnify him, heretofore, to wit, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Westminster aforesaid, in the said county of Middlesex, he, the said Robert, falsely, wickedly, wrongfully, unjustly, and maliciously, published a certain book entitled, "THE 'BAVIAD, AND MÆVIAD.'" containing therein, amongst other things, a false, scandalous, defamatory, and malicious libel of and concerning the said John in the way of his said PROFESSION of an author, in substance, and to the effect following: that is to say,

"Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
 "No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose:
 "Which read, and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
 "And gravely wonder what it is about.
 "These fancy Bell's Poetics only sweet,
 "And intercept his hawkers in the street;
 "There, smoking hot, inhale Mit Yenda's strains,
 "And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN's brains."

"I have too much respect for my reader to affront
 "him with any specimens of this man's" (*meaning*

the said John's) "poetry, at once licentious and
 "dull beyond example:" (*thereby meaning that
 the poetry of the said John was licentious and
 dull beyond example*) "at the same time I cannot
 "resist the temptation of presenting him with the
 "following stanzas, written by a friend of mine,
 "and sufficiently illustrative of the character in
 "question:"

TO ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

(*Meaning the said John.*)

- "Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,
 "The name of Pasquin to thy ribbald strains?
 "Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see,
 "Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains?
- "But thou mistak'st: for know, tho' Pasquin's head
 "Be full as hard, and near as thick, as thine;
 "Yet has the world admiring on it read
 "Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.
- "While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring
 "But impudence and filth; for out, alas!
 "Do what we will, 'tis still the same vile thing,
 "Within, all brickdust—and without, all brass.
- "Then blot the name of Pasquin from thy page:
 "Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.
 "Some other would'st thou take? I dare engage
 "John Williams, or Tom Fool, will do as well."

“ Tony,” (*meaning the said John*) “ has taken
 “ my friend’s advice, and now sells, or attempts to
 “ sell his riff-raff” (*meaning the said John’s com-
 positions, and also meaning that such compositions
 were riff-raff*) “ under the name of John Williams.
 “ It has been represented to me that I should do
 “ well to avoid all mention of this man ; (*meaning
 “ the said John*) from a consideration, that one so
 “ lost to every sense of decency and shame, was a
 “ fitter object for the Beadle than the Muse.”
 (*Thereby meaning that the said John was a person
 LOST TO EVERY SENSE OF DECENCY AND SHAME.*)
 “ This has induced me to lay aside a second casti-
 “ gation, which I had prepared for him” (*meaning
 the said John*) “ though I do not think it expe-
 “ dient to omit what I had formerly written ;

‘ Here on the rack of satire let him lie,
 ‘ Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.’

“ One word more. I am told there are men so
 “ weak as to deprecate this MISERABLE OBJECT’S
 “ abuse,” (*meaning that the said John was a
 miserable object*) “ and so vain, so despicably vain,
 “ as to tolerate his” (*meaning the said John’s*)
 “ praise ; for such I have nothing but pity ; though

“ the fate of Hastings, see the Pin-basket to the
 “ Children of Thespis,” (*meaning a composition
 of the said John's*) “ holds out a dreadful lesson
 “ to the latter ; but should there be a man, or a
 “ woman, however high their rank, base enough to
 “ purchase the venal pen of this MISCREANT, for
 “ the sake of traducing innocence and virtue ;”
 (*thereby meaning that the said John was a mis-
 creant and a venal author, who prostituted his
 talents for pecuniary motives, in the traducing
 innocence and virtue*) “ then—I was about to
 “ threaten : but 'tis not necessary : the profligate
 “ cowards who employ Anthony” (*meaning the
 said John*) “ can know no severer punishment
 “ than the support of a man” (*still meaning the
 said John*) “ WHOSE ACQUAINTANCE IS INFAMY,
 “ AND WHOSE TOUCH” (*meaning the touch of the
 said John*) “ IS POISON.”

And the said John further saith, that the said
 Robert further contriving and intending to injure
 and damnify the said John, falsely, wickedly,
 wrongfully, unjustly, and maliciously published a
 certain other false, scandalous, defamatory, and
 malicious libel of and concerning the said John, in

the way of his said PROFESSION as an author, in substance and to the effect following, that is to say,

“ TO ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

(Meaning the said John.)

“ Why dost thou tack, MOST SIMPLE ANTHONY,”
(again meaning the said John) “ the name of
 “ Pasquin to thy ribbald strains ?” *(thereby meaning that the strains of the said John were low and licentious.)* “ Is it a fetch of wit, to let us
 “ see, THOU, *(again meaning the said John)*
 “ like that statue, art devoid of BRAINS ?” *(meaning that the said John was without brains, like a statue.)* “ But thou” *(again meaning the said John)* “ mistak’st: for know, though Pasquin’s
 “ head Be full as hard, and near as THICK, as
 “ thine ;” *(meaning the head of the said John)*
 “ Yet has the world admiring on it read, Many a
 “ keen gibe, and many a sportive line : While no-
 “ nothing from thy JOBBERNOWL” *(again meaning the head of the said John)* “ can spring,
 “ But impudence and filth ; for out, alas ! Do what
 “ we will, ’tis still the same vile thing, Within all

“brickdust, and without, all brass.” (*Meaning that the said John had brickdust for brains.*)

“Then bolt the name of Pasquin from thy page :” (*meaning the page of the said John*) “Thou “seest it will not thy poor RIFF-RAFF” (*meaning the compositions and publications of the said John*) “sell. Some other” (*meaning some other name than that of Pasquin*) “would’st thou” (*again meaning the said John*) “take? I dare engage, “JOHN WILLIAMS, or TOM FOOL, will do as “well.” (*Thereby meaning and insinuating not only that the said John was a man of SMALL abilities, but also that his publications were of an insignificant nature, and on that account neglected by the public.*)

And the said John further saith, that the said Robert further contriving and intending to injure and damnify the said John as aforesaid, afterwards, to wit, on the day and year aforesaid, at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, falsely, wickedly, wrongfully, unjustly, and maliciously, published a certain other false, scandalous, defamatory and malicious libel of and concerning the said John, in substance and to the effect following, that is to

say, "The profligate cowards who employ Anthony" (*meaning the said John*) "can know no severer punishment than the support of a man" (*meaning the said John*) "whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch is poison." (*Thereby meaning that the character of the said John was so degraded and depraved, that it was infamous and dangerous to be acquainted or connected with him.*)

By means of the publishing of which said several false, scandalous, defamatory, and malicious libels hereinbefore mentioned to have been published by the said Robert, he, the said John, was, hath been, and is not only greatly hurt, injured, and prejudiced in his good name, fame, credit, and reputation as a man, but also in his character and reputation as an author, and IS FALLEN INTO PUBLIC DISGRACE AND CONTEMPT AMONGST ALL HIS NEIGHBOURS, AND OTHER GOOD AND WORTHY SUBJECTS OF THIS REALM, insomuch that divers of those neighbours and subjects have, on occasion of the publication of the said several false, scandalous, and defamatory libels, so VEHEMENTLY SUSPECTED THE SAID JOHN TO HAVE BEEN, AND

TO BE, A PERSON OF IMMORAL AND INFÁMOUS CHARACTER, that they have, on that account, REFUSED, AND STILL DO DAILY MORE AND MORE REFUSE, TO HAVE ANY COMMERCE, CONNECTION, ACQUAINTANCE, OR DISCOURSE WITH HIM, as before they were used and accustomed to do, and would still have done, had not those false, scandalous, and defamatory libels been so published as aforesaid; and also by reason and means of the premises aforesaid, he, the said John, was, hath been, and is greatly injured and damnified, as well in the way of his said PROFESSION of an author, as otherwise, to wit, at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, to the damage of the said John, of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, and therefore he brings his suit.

COUNSEL FOR JOHN WILLIAMS :

The Hon. THOMAS ERSKINE, and Mr. WIGLEY.

Attorney, Mr. GROVE.

COUNSEL FOR Mr. FAULDER :

Mr. GARROW and Mr. LAWES.

Attorney, Mr. ALLEN.

Mr. *Erskine*. May it please your Lordship.

Gentlemen of the Jury, I am of counsel for the Plaintiff, who has brought this action against the Defendant, Mr. Faulder, an eminent and respectable bookseller, but who is nevertheless responsible in law for whatever may belong to this book, of which the Plaintiff complains as a libel upon him : and he has brought this action against the Defendant to render him responsible in damages for the injury he has sustained from it.

Gentlemen, I use these last words emphatically ; for whatever controversies may have arisen upon a question which has agitated the best and wisest establishments, and which I shall not discuss at present, (I mean the extent of the liberty of the press) I believe that in all times, and among all judges there has been but one opinion upon the Rule which I humbly, under his Lordship's direction, mean to lay down this day in an action for civil damages.

The Plaintiff says this is a Libel upon him. What is a Libel upon an individual no man has ever yet, I believe, made the subject of controversy. It is that which either injures him in his trade, or

general justification ; it must be a precise and *particular* one—that the Libel is true; and if it is so, the Plaintiff cannot complain. In the present case, the Defendant has put no justification upon the record, consequently there can only be given in evidence, circumstances in mitigation of damages.

Gentlemen, the action is brought for this book which is stiled “ The BAVIAD and MÆVIAD.” It is an imitation of Persius, and is dedicated to John Hoppner, Esq. an artist of great eminence, and a truly respectable and honourable man.

It is no disrespect to the author of this book to say, that I never read any part of it but such as I have had occasion to cast my eye over in the course of the proceedings in this cause : as to the general merits of the poem, therefore, I can say nothing. On a cursory perusal, it appeared to me that many of the lines were written with great spirit and genius ; but that, you will please to recollect, makes the Libel more severe against the Plaintiff ; for in proportion as the book is written with spirit and genius, into a greater number of hands it will consequently fall.

Some licence has always been allowed to poets ;

and, when it extends no farther than merely attacking a man upon the subject of his works, I do not see any necessity to complain.—It is nothing. Every man has a right to choose whether he will be altogether a private man ; or whether he will mix himself in the affairs of the public. Every man has a choice whether he will be silent, and preserve his ideas to himself, or whether he thinks them of such importance, as to justify his communicating them to the world. When a man chooses the latter, he gives the public a jurisdiction to exercise their opinions ; and must not pretend to be captious if they take the liberty (without which there can be no freedom of the press) to criticise his performances. You cannot confine criticism entirely to your own ideas, for men will write, and if they keep within the bounds which common decency requires, there can then be no action for a Libel ; nor is this action brought on that account.

This Plaintiff is known by the name of “ Anthony “ Pasquin ” as well as by that of “ John Williams.”

If any one gives a passage out of his works, and makes his own remarks and conclusions upon it, that is not a Libel ; because, if it were, a man might

have the whole press to himself, and print books; and no man could answer them—therefore a man cannot complain of that.

Gentlemen, the Plaintiff complains of an attack, (as it seems to me, from my instructions,) separate from his works ;—of an attack upon his character, and of *infamy* in the abstract.

I will read the passage to you : it is in the **BAVIAD**, (p. 32.) The text is,

“ There, smoking hot, inhale **MIT YENDA**’s strains,

“ And the rank fume of **TONY PASQUIN**’s brains.”

On the words **TONY PASQUIN** is the following note :

“ I have too much respect for my reader to
“ affront him with any specimens of this man’s
“ poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond ex-
“ ample :”

That is no Libel. To say a man is a bad poet, is no Libel ; every man has a right to say and write what he pleases on a mere matter of speculation like this.—He goes on,

“ At the same time I cannot resist the tempta-
“ tion of presenting him with the following stanzas,

“ written by a friend of mine, and sufficiently illus-
trative of the character in question :”

Then the verses supposed to be written by the friend follow—

“ Then blot the name of PASQUIN from thy page ;
“ Thou seest it will not thy poor RIFF-RAFF sell.
“ Some other wouldst thou take ? I dare engage,
“ JOHN WILLIAMS, or TOM FOOL, will do as well.”

Gentlemen, I have read this passage in order to show you for whom the following note is written, and to whom it applies.

“ Tony has taken my friend’s advice, and now
“ sells, or attempts to sell, his ‘ riff-raff,’ under the
“ name of John Williams.”

“ It has been represented to me, that I should do
“ well”——

—and this is the part of which I am instructed to complain.—

“ It has been represented to me, that I should do
“ well to avoid all mention of this man ; from a
“ consideration that one so lost to every sense of
“ decency and shame, was a fitter object for the
“ Beadle than the Muse. This has induced me to
“ lay aside a second castigation which I had pre-

“pared for him, though I do not think it expedient
“to omit what I had formerly written.

“Here on the rack of satire let him lie,
“Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.”

“One word more.”——

One would think there was no occasion for one
word more.—“I am told there are men so weak as
“to deprecate this miserable object’s abuse, and so
“vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his praise
“—for such, I have nothing but pity;—though the
“fate of Hastings, see ‘THE PIN-BASKET TO THE
“‘CHILDREN OF THESPIA,’ holds out a dreadful
“lesson to the latter—but should there be a man
“or a woman, however high their rank, base
“enough to purchase the venal pen of this MIS-
“CREANT for the sake of traducing innocence and
“virtue; then—*I was about to threaten*—but ’tis
“not necessary: the profligate cowards who employ
“Anthony can know no severer punishment than
“the support of a man, whose acquaintance is in-
“famy, and whose touch is poison.”

Gentlemen, if you go back to this part, it is a
sentiment which every man must agree in, that it

makes the Libel more severe when the author points the application ! Certainly there is nothing which shocks humanity so much as the idea of purchasing the “ venal pen ” of a “ MISCREANT ” for the “ sake “ of traducing innocence and virtue.” If there be one consideration more than another, that fills the mind with horror, it is such a thing as that of employing the “ venal pen ” against “ innocence and “ virtue ; ” and the Libel is the application of this to the Plaintiff.

Gentlemen, I am not instructed (if I were, indeed, I should not follow it in an action against a particular bookseller) to make any remarks not immediately relative to the cause in question. But there is one thing I cannot help borrowing from the author himself : it is a sentiment in which I agree with him, which appears to me to be admirably composed, and convinces me of the idea that he himself had, of what infinite value reputation is, not only to an individual, but to the public. He says, in the Introduction to his Poem,

“ A short time before the period we speak of, a “ knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily “ paper, called ‘ *The World*.’ It was perfectly

“unintelligible, and therefore much read: it was
 “equally lavish of praise and abuse; (praise of
 “what appeared in its own columns, and abuse of
 “every thing that appeared elsewhere,) and as its
 “Conductors were at once ignorant and conceited,
 “they took upon them to direct the taste of the
 “town.”

The part I meant to allude to, is in a note on this paragraph. You will please to take notice, Gentlemen, that my remark does not apply to any share which the Plaintiff had in this paper, the contents of which I do not recollect; but it seems to me to be an observation worthy of being treasured up in the mind of every man.

“In this paper were given the earliest specimens
 “of those unqualified and audacious attacks on all
 “private character, which the town first smiled at
 “for their quaintness, then tolerated for their absurdity; and now—that other papers equally
 “wicked, and more intelligible, have ventured to
 “imitate it,—will have to lament to the latest hour
 “of British liberty.”

What papers this gentleman alludes to, I know not; nor, whether they were written by my client

or by any other person ; but the observation, as I have said, is an admirable one. Perhaps there is nothing so truly dangerous or destructive of that most invaluable blessing, the liberty of the press, as that rage for private slander which disgraces the age, in which I may say we have at once the honour, and misfortune to live.

Gentlemen, when we look round the world, and duly consider the important period in which we live, and the awful changes that are taking place upon the face of the earth : every honest man, who reflects upon these things, one would think, would endeavour to inculcate in all men a spirit of humanity ;—whatever differences of opinion there may be among us, whether as public or private men, we should recollect that we are united together in the bonds of christian charity. There are evils enough in life to make us unhappy, without depriving ourselves of the best consolations which belong to our situations, by manifesting an insensibility to one another.—If we cannot agree, let us at least, endeavour to correct one another's errors with decency. If men will write from their passions, they should be told that unlimited abuse ought not to be

permitted; nay, that it never is permitted, in any civilized country. Why should men tear one another to pieces like the beasts that perish?

I see my learned friend has in his hand, and I cannot help taking notice of it, books imputed to my client. I told you I never read any of the productions of the author of the *BAVIAD*, of whom, therefore, I can say nothing;—on the other hand, I have never read any of the works of my client. I have enough of manuscript to read; and my eyes are obliged to borrow the glass I hold in my hand, in consequence of those readings. But standing here as Counsel for the Plaintiff, I must be answerable for the good or evil which he has done. I have directed the books to be brought to me, in order that, if my learned friend is disposed to give in evidence any of those books, I may have an opportunity of seeing the application that is made of them, and of offering such remarks as I may hereafter deem necessary.

One word more, and I shall have finished. *If there can be found attacks upon any man, or body of men whatever, in these books, of a nature like those which the Plaintiff complains of, I shall be*

sorry for it upon his account ; for that which I condemn in others, I must condemn in him also.

There must be a certain quality in things. What *A* has done must have the same quality when *B* does it. The doer, or writer of the thing cannot alter the nature of it ;—but then the law says this, if *A* has written a Libel not upon *B*, it is not for *B* to come forward by a general accusation, and affix infamy to the name of the writer. But he may sit down, as any author sits down, to comment upon any book that is written ; he may expose its indecency, if indecency belongs to it, and chastise the author for it ; he may justify it upon the record when the author comes to complain of it, but he cannot, in general terms, set up a justification, by only reading books of the Plaintiff which are censurable. This, however, does not apply to the jurisdiction of the case.

Gentlemen, having finished what comes from myself, and said what I am inclined to think, nobody will differ from me in, I will next take the liberty to state to you what my client said to me the day before yesterday.

He said, “ I am not accustomed to public life,

“ nor capable of delivering the sentiments with
 “ which I am impressed; you are employed to
 “ stand in my place. If I were to exercise that
 “ trust which I repose in you, my address to the
 “ Jury would be very short; I should say, Gentle-
 “ men, you are first to examine whether the De-
 “ fendant sold this book—Secondly, whether it ap-
 “ plies to me who am the plaintiff: if you are satis-
 “ fied of these two things, you must feel, and you
 “ must know, that it has been read by many, very
 “ many of my fellow-creatures, and fellow-subjects,
 “ with whom in human life I must wish to stand in
 “ esteem; but with whom I must now stand in
 “ disrespect and infamy to the end of time.” He
 said, “ this is grievous, and entitles me to apply to
 “ the laws of my country—I am not a rich man.
 “ Ill health one can bear up against, one can struggle
 “ against the adversities which fill the page of
 “ human life, one can survive the loss of fortune,
 “ and the loss of friendship itself, the blessing of
 “ mankind; but a wounded spirit who can bear?”—

I have now discharged my duty, and have stated
 as a professional man that which occurs to me to
 be my duty to state; I have followed the instruc-

tions of my client. I will prove the publication of this book, and you will give that attention to the sequel of the cause which it may demand : I shall perhaps trouble you, by the rules of the court, with a reply ; the OBJECT of the Plaintiff undoubtedly is to put his hand DEEP into the pocket of the bookseller ; and you, I doubt not, will give that verdict, under all the circumstances of the case, which will sufficiently vindicate the Plaintiff in this action.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

John Somerfield sworn : examined by Mr. *Wigley*.

Q. Look at that book. Did you purchase it at any time, and where ?

A. I purchased it at the shop of Mr. Faulder, bookseller, in Bond-street, the first of November in the present year.

Cross-examined by Mr. *Garrow*.

Q. What are you by profession ?

A. An historical engraver.

Q. You are acquainted probably with the Plaintiff ?

A. Yes, I am.

Mr. Wigley. I did not know you were acquainted with the Plaintiff.

Do you know whether he has written under any name besides that of John Williams?

A. Yes; under that of Anthony Pasquin.

Q. Have you read any part of the book you bought?

A. Yes; I have read the parts that relate to Mr. Williams.

Mr. Garrow. Mr. Williams has written many ADMIRERD WORKS, has he not?

A. Yes, I believe he has.

Mr. Erskine. Do you say that from your own knowledge?

A. Yes.

Mr. Garrow. I have no objections to whatever Mr. Williams may have told you—He has, I think you say, written MANY ADMIRERD WORKS?

A. Yes; I have seen several of them.

Q. Do you recollect his saying in any of those works, that “he had written more books than any other man living?”

A. I don't recollect that.

Q. Perhaps, as you are his particular friend, he

has made you a present of some of HIS ADMIRERD WORKS?

A. Yes; he made me a present of "The Pin basket to the Children of Thespis."

Q. As you are his friend, I suppose you know it to be his?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. It is a POPULAR book, is it not; and well written?

A. I cannot tell; Mr. Williams gave me the book.

Q. It is one of his latest efforts of his Muse, I think?

A. Yes, I believe it is.

Q. One of his most matured and elaborate efforts? —Another ADMIRERD WORK of his is, "A LIBERAL CRITIQUE ON THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY." He made you a present of that also, did he not?

A. No.

Q. Cast your eye upon that book; (*handing the witness the* "LIBERAL CRITIQUE ON THE EXHIBITION") look at it.

A. I believe this is one of his works.

Q. “AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE ARTISTS OF IRELAND” is, I believe, another of his ADMIRABLE WORKS?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. A most excellent performance!—“AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE ARTISTS OF IRELAND”—“PASQUIN ON THE FINE ARTS!”—with a frontispiece elegantly engraved, of your friend. I rejoice in having an opportunity to shew you so fine a resemblance of him.—Is it like him?

A. People often differ in their opinion of likenesses; but I think it is like him.

Q. If nature ever wrote a character in any countenance, that must be like him!—

He is the author also of another most excellent and MUCH ADMIRABLE WORK, “THE NEW BRIGHTON GUIDE.”—I presume he made you a present of that also?

A. Yes, he did.

Mr. Erskine. Do you mean to read those books?

Mr. Garrow. I am proving those books. I shall certainly read one of them, because it is luckily referred to in the Declaration. The devil now and then overshoots his mark. It furnishes besides, a

curious specimen of the valuable labours of this gentleman.

Q. He is an author by PROFESSION, is he not?

A. Yes, he is.

Q. I think I have collected from some of his ADMIRER WORKS, that he has indulged, (to say nothing of his greater labours that are to convey his name to future ages) he has indulged, I say, a certain degree of freedom in some of his more perishable efforts in the daily papers. You undoubtedly know THAT of him?

A. Yes, I believe he has.

Q. You must also remember a passage in one of his WORKS, that " he had been turned out of two " newspapers, the Comet and the Star, from being " suspected of sacrificing the interests of the proprietors, to his zeal for Mr. Hastings?"

A. I don't recollect that.

Mr. *Garrow*. My Lord, I submit to your Lordship, that unless my learned friend goes further than this, he must be non-suited; because the Declaration in substance states, that this gentleman was an author by profession, that in consequence of that he had got GREAT GAINS, and had published a great

many ADMIRABLE WORKS ; among the rest the “ PIN-BASKET TO THE CHILDREN OF THESPIA ;” that this abominable Libeller, the Defendant, has published a Libel concerning this author, on his work entitled the “ PIN-BASKET TO THE CHILDREN OF THESPIA,” which Libel refers to a passage in that work.

Court. Does it state so ?

Mr. Garrow. It does, distinctly.

Mr. Erskine. Your Lordship will find there is a count which has no connection with that.

Mr. Lawes. That is only an innuendo.

Mr. Garrow. There is another ground upon which I am entitled to have this work read. The first count says this, “ I am told there are men so “ weak as to deprecate this miserable object’s “ abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, as to “ tolerate his praise ;” (*meaning the said John’s praise*) “ for such I have nothing but pity—tho’ “ the fate of Hastings, (see the ‘ Pin-basket to the “ Children of Thespia.’)—

Court. “ THE PIN-BASKET,” then, you infer to be one of the works of John Williams ?

Mr. Garrow. Undoubtedly, my Lord ; it is given

in evidence by his own witness. “Tho’ the fate of
“Hastings, see the”——

Mr. *Erskine*. You need not proceed with your quotation; we must, I think, allow the work: on that count, therefore, I wish to relieve your Lordship from any farther consideration.

Mr. *Garrow*. What count then do you go upon? Let us see what it is?

Mr. *Erskine*. The last count. To injure and damage the Plaintiff by saying “*that the profligate*
“*cowards who employ Anthony, can know no*
“*severer punishment than the support of a man,*
“*whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch*
“*is poison.*”

Mr. *Garrow*. Do you rely upon that?

Mr. *Erskine*. I do.

Mr. *Garrow*. That is not a Libel upon him as an author,

Mr. *Erskine*. It is a Libel upon him however.

Mr. *Lawes*. Does not your Lordship think upon the ground of averment in the Declaration, it is incumbent upon the Plaintiff to prove that he has published works under the name of Anthony Pasquin?—because that is made a species of evidence.

It is said to be one of his public appellations, " he
 " having published works known by the name of
 " ANTHONY PASQUIN as well as by that of JOHN
 " WILLIAMS." So says the Declaration : now the
 best evidence of this fact is the works themselves.

Court. True ; it is so.

Mr. Garrow. I must have the works produced.

Court. He must certainly show he has published
 works under the name of Anthony Pasquin.

Mr. Garrow. (*Giving a book to Somerfield.*)
 Do you know any thing of that work.

A. Yes, I have read it.

Q. Do you know who is the author of it ?

A. Yes, Mr. Williams.

Court. What is the work ?

A. " A LIBERAL CRITIQUE ON THE EXHIBITION
 " OF 1794."

Mr. Garrow. Right ! You have now proved it.
 Give it to Mr. Lowton.—Mr. Lowton, turn to page
 52, that is the page in my copy—and if, by acci-
 dent, you should meet with any passages that are
 too impious, or too indecent to be read in a Court
 of Justice, clap your thumb over them, and omit
 them entirely.

Mr. *Lowton*. This is not the book.

Mr. *Garrow*. It is "A LIBERAL CRITIQUE
"UPON THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY."

Mr. *Lowton*. This is number *one*.

Mr. *Garrow*. Give us number *two*, Mr. Grove.
(*To Mr. Grove, John Williams's Attorney.*)

Mr. *Grove*. I have not got it.

Mr. *Garrow*. You are right, Mr. Grove; you have taken care, I see, of number *two*: we must then try what can be made of number *one*. You will find it, I fancy, Mr. Lowton, towards the end of the volume you have in your hand.

(*Here Mr. Lowton read several passages.*)

Mr. *Wigley*. (*To Somerfield.*) Now look at that book, called "SHROVE TUESDAY;" do you know the author of it?

A. Mr. Williams, I believe, is the author.

Q. Is that a whole work, or part of one?

A. I see other pieces are bound up with it.

Q. Are those "other pieces" by Mr. Williams?

A. Yes.

Mr. *Garrow*. May it please your Lordship—
Gentlemen of the Jury, I stand here under the

retainer of the Defendant Mr. Faulder, who is one of forty Booksellers against whom the present Plaintiff has thought fit to bring actions to recover damages from them, for the injury done to his reputation, *principally* to his reputation, as AN ADMIRERED AUTHOR. He has certainly a right, as he has stated by the mouth of my learned friend, "to apply to the laws of his country for redress."

HAPPY COUNTRY! in which the condition of the subject is such, that no man, *however strongly suspected* of having committed the *blackest* and the *foulest* crimes that are to be found in the black catalogue of guilt, can be condemned without being heard;—in which no man, *whatever may have been his character from his cradle upwards*, can be deprived of the right of coming forward to vindicate his own fame, and to seek redress for those injuries which he conceives he may have sustained.

HAPPY COUNTRY! in which any man of this description, coming to seek redress from the law, may command the able assistance of my learned friend; who, though engaged in *such a cause*, and for *such a man*, has not only contrived to throw all the disgrace attached to the business, far from himself,

but by his conduct in it, has added, if possible, new honour to his professional life.

HAPPY COUNTRY! in which an Advocate can be brought forward to state a Plaintiff's complaints; which Plaintiff, for any thing that advocate may know to the contrary, has done all in his power to destroy the honour for which he was labouring; to wound his peace, to ruin his reputation, and to make his family wretched.

My learned friend has not read Anthony Pasquin's works—nor have I; but I have been driven to the painful necessity of drudging through a few of his disgusting pages since the defence of Mr. Faulder was committed to my care. For the performance of this duty Anthony Pasquin may be offended with me; but I care nothing for his displeasure—I am not one of those described in the supposed Libel, who are “weak enough to deprecate this miserable object's abuse.” I give him full leave, if he does not think me too insignificant, to publish a book, and to libel me as soon as he pleases. I know for one, that Libels are no very dreadful things; if a man will but take care of his own honour, it signifies nothing though he be

libelled from the beginning of January to the end of December. Gentlemen, I say this experimentally; for during the first eight months of my profession, during the scrutiny of the Westminster election, I was libelled daily, by a person who died by poison at the bar of a court of justice, in Ireland, under a prosecution for high treason; I speak of the Reverend Mr. Jackson—peace to his ashes! so I quarrel not with libellers.

Mr. Williams has a right to say, if he pleases,
 “ I am not accustomed to public life, or capable of
 “ delivering the sentiments with which I am im-
 “ pressed, in a court of law, and you, Mr. Erskine,
 “ are to do it for me ; but if I were to state my
 “ case, I should say, Gentlemen, first examine
 “ whether the Defendant has sold this book, and
 “ whether it applies to me ; if it does, it has been
 “ read by many who must detest me ; this is grie-
 “ vous, and I must apply to the laws for redress;
 “ poverty a man can bear—sickness a man can
 “ bear, it is the visitation of heaven—but a wounded
 “ spirit, or the loss of reputation, who can bear ?”
 I am glad to find SUCH sentiments from SUCH a
 quarter,—I am glad, I say, to find that the man who

states himself upon the record an "author by profession," and who "by the publication of his works has amassed to himself great gains," feels so sensibly any thing that reflects upon his reputation, and desires you to vindicate his honour.

Gentlemen, Mr. Williams shall have a second advocate in me. I will state his case; he has a right to say "I am a subject of the king, I venerate all the establishments of the country, civil and religious, I respect private character; I think it of the last moment that it should be vindicated when it is wounded; if you take my money I can live, the loss of money is nothing; if you deprive me of my friends, I can survive that; but take away my character and I am undone." He has a right to say "I am an admirer of the *fine arts*, and I have protected the *fine arts*." He has a right to say, "I love virtue, but I love it most when in distress," and therefore you will find in some of the passages which I shall read to you, that Mr. Williams has run the career of virtue, in defence of suffering innocence. He found Mr. Hastings under an impeachment of the House of Commons; he has a right to say that he exerted himself for Mr.

Hastings's defence ; he thought him suffering, to use his own words—" as *Daniel in the Lion's Den*—as "*persecuted by a set of blood-hounds, hunting him down like a banditti for the sake of pillaging him.*"

Gentlemen, he tells you, as I shall read by and by from one of his " admired works," which has been proved ; he tells you, that he lost his situation as an author in two of the diurnal prints, the Comet and the Star, because he defended Mr. Hastings, and because the proprietors thought he paid more attention to the friendship of Mr. Hastings, than to their interests. Mr. Williams certainly has a right to state all this merit, and it is a dreadful thing to deprive him of it. What has this " infamous Libeller," the author of the Baviad, said of him ?—why, —and most impudently has he said it !—I caution all mankind to have nothing to do with Mr. Williams—if they have, let them look at the " fate of Mr. Hastings." Now, what is the fate of Mr. Hastings ? Gentlemen, I will presently tell you ;—not in any language of mine, but I will read it to you as Mr. Williams, who is " not accustomed to " public life," would read it to you ; in order to

prove how he was treated, after he had undergone so much in defending Mr. Hastings, (O this virtuous, this benevolent creature ! so overflowing with the milk of human kindness !) merely as an injured, unprotected man, with whom he had no personal acquaintance.

Well then, after all this excess of goodness, what, I repeat, has this libeller in the Baviad said of Mr. Williams ? Why, he has said in effect—if there is any body vain enough, or weak enough to wish for his praise, or put himself under his protection, I heartily pity him : indeed, after what has happened to Mr. Hastings, I should be justified in hating and despising him—Mr. Williams’s poem is then referred to as the grounds of this remark and the unfortunate passage *libelled* by my learned friend, follows as a deduction from the premises.

Gentlemen, we have seen how good a friend Mr. Williams was to Mr. Hastings ; let us now see how he was requited for his friendship.

“ Although the greatest crime in this state and
 “ age is to *think*, I will not be deterred from the
 “ exposure of hypocrisy or criminality. Though an
 “ envenomed host have repeatedly laboured to

“*organize my murder*, it has not diminished my
 “zeal—I WAS EDUCATED TO LOVE VIRTUE AND
 “DESPISE CUNNING.” Gracious heavens! what
 a barbarous idea to wound the feelings of such a
 man as this!

“I shall now proceed,” he continues, “to deve-
 “lope a series of transactions that fill me with
 “sorrow; I allude to *Warren Hastings*, whose real
 “character I most sillily misunderstood.”—Mr.
Hastings’s character I do not pretend to know; but
 from the stile in which Mr. Williams is pleased to
 speak of him, one would imagine he could not be a
 gentleman—neither do I know how he first became
 the object of his “protection;” but I take God to
 witness, that the *protection* of such a wretch appears
 to me a thousand times worse than a *seven years*
impeachment.

He afterwards gives an account of the manner in
 which he took up the notion of being useful to Mr.
Hastings—“As MY friendships are erected on an
 “ample basis, I pursued his foes wherever I found
 “them. During the last nine years, I have edited
 “more periodical publications than any other exist-
 “ing PERSONAGE, and, in all of them, I constantly

“ manifested my *fervour* for him ; nay, I even lost
 “ two of them, viz. the *STAR*, and the *COMET*, of
 “ which I was the parent, from a supposition that
 “ I paid more attention to the cause of *WARREN*
 “ *HASTINGS* than to the interests of the proprietors.
 “ I involved his *honour* in *MY BEST* and *MOST*
 “ *POPULAR POEMS*. I have argued in his behalf in
 “ every class of society, until my vehemence *begot*
 “ *a thirst* ; and sooner than yield to the idea that
 “ he was the *monster* his *enemies* had depicted, I
 “ relinquished the acquaintance of some valuable
 “ gentlemen,”—here is a sacrifice !—“ who were
 “ the common friends to *Mr. BURKE* and *MYSELF*.”
 Poor gentlemen ! their fate must excite pity where-
 ever it is told. They had the inexpressible misfor-
 tune, because they thought *Mr. Burke* right, and
Mr. Hastings not quite so innocent as it suited *Mr.*
Williams’s views to think him just at that period, to
 “ lose the friendship” of a man, who declares, in
 the work I hold in my hand, that he has not “ a
 “ friend in the world,” and who must be known to
 be in that deserted state, whether he had declared
 it, or no ! For, Gentlemen, how should he have
 friends ? Even if nature, who has set her mark upon

him, had not pointed him out as the common enemy of all mankind, still it appears from his multifarious and daily-increasing libels, that he is utterly incapable of feeling any degree of friendship for any human being whatever. As nothing is too low for his envy, so nothing is too high for his rancour. Their Majesties on the throne, with all that is great and good in this country have been involved, as he terms it, in his **POPULAR** performances. I protest, upon my honour, I would not say so in this place, unless he had put the book into every one's hands ; there are some passages which, if I had to defend my brother or myself, I would not, nay, I could not, read in a court of justice ; there are some passages that reflect not only on the Prince of Wales, but on his illustrious consort and the innocent babe in the cradle, that no consideration would induce me to read in a court of justice. If it should be necessary, I would ask you to take the book that contains them out of court and read it ; and this is the man who comes here to justify his **CHARACTER** ! This is the common traducer, the general libeller, who asks you to put your hand *deep* into the pocket of Mr. Faulder, and vindicate his fame !

Gentlemen, I feel it is an indulgence to plead this cause;—I hope to God we are doing good in putting to shame a NEST OF PESTILENT PAUPERS, who go about through the public, levying contributions on the timid, and destroying every character in the community. Gentlemen, this man says, he has made his applications to Mr. Hastings FOR MONEY; this Anthony Pasquin, whose friendships are formed upon *an ample basis!* who was “educated to love *virtue* for herself!” who found the ices of Mr. Hastings, and put himself in battle array against them! this man, who struck the “INFURIATE MONK,” as he calls Mr. Burke, (for he attributes to himself the destruction of that great man, whom my learned friend near me, however he might have differed from him in some of his political opinions, never spoke of, but with an almost filial respect and affection—a tribute due from every man to the sublimity of his genius.) This man, I say, this Pasquin, whose “efforts,” if you will take his own words for it (which none of you will) procured Mr. Hastings to be acquitted; tells you, that after the business was over, he applied to him FOR MONEY. Certainly the labourer is worthy of his

hire ; and after toiling for Mr. Hastings almost as long a period as that of the Trojan war, he had a right to expect some little return—But no: that gentleman who, probably, knew as little of “ his efforts ” as of the prodigious advantages derived from them, absolutely refused to give him a farthing ! Mr. Hastings was neither to be bullied nor cajoled into putting “ foive paunds into a sartain plectse ; ” and it was then, that a sudden ray of light darted into the mind of Mr. Williams, and shewed him Mr. Hastings’s “ real character, which “ he had to that hour most sillily misunderstood !!! ”

You shall now hear how he addresses his “ honourable friend ” in the “ fair language ” of “ *virtuous* indignation : ”

“ What punishment does that individual merit, “ who destroys the basis of human confidence ? ” — That is, I have been doing all this for you, and now you will not give me a stipend ! O wretched man ! I think that for this you ought to suffer another impeachment.—“ When,” continues he, “ you were “ howling like a savage stricken by the hunters in “ the wilderness, I came to your aid, and you “ fondly licked my hand ; but the balm was scarcely

“administered before the obligation was forgotten.”
 —What is this, but procuring him to be acquitted after a seven years impeachment?—“In such a case should not Mahomet have come to the mountain, and not the mountain to Mahomet?”
 —Poor man! Poor Anthony! he went to the mountain, and the mountain would not receive him; he began to think with the author of the Baviad, and, I will be bold to add, with every other honest man, that his “acquaintance was infamy, and his touch poison.” But to proceed with his apostrophe,—
 “Could you imagine, Sir, that I would knock at your door as a suppliant? Could you dream, in the plenitude of an ideal majesty of character, that I would beseech where I ought to demand?
 “If you thought thus, you have been egregious.”
 (Mr. Williams’s English is not much more correct than his conduct, though it has not found so severe a castigatior.) “Could you suppose it was in my disposition or desire to be elbowed at your table with your contractors, your nabobs, your rajahs, and your *rascals*? What could embolden you to imagine that I was so far sunk in the maze of profligacy, as to be ambitious of witnessing

“the relaxation of sentiment, or the death of
“virtue?”

Who these *rascals* were, who might sometimes be found at Mr. Hastings’s table, I cannot tell, but I know that he might have found there such *rascals* as my learned friends Mr. Law, Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Plumer; nay, he might even have met his own counsel, my learned friend Mr. Erskine. But to proceed—

“The morality of a Governor-General has ever
“been problematical, and by a course of ductile
“feeling you may be enabled to forget the kind-
“nesses of an upright friend, in the unqualified
“caresses of a *sultana*, or the conversation of your
“pert *commis*.”——

[*Here Mr. Garrow, perceiving marks of great
impatience in the Jury, laid aside his quota-
tions.*]

I see by your countenances, Gentlemen, that it is unnecessary to proceed any further with this man’s infamous and abominable productions. I will not, therefore, harass your feelings; let them rest for the present.—But I will appeal to your sense of propriety,—to that of all who hear me, and ask

whether this common libeller, this vile traducer of honour and integrity, this hireling blaster of youth, and innocence, should be suffered to come into this court and ask satisfaction for being described under the character which he has voluntarily and ostentatiously assumed? Should he, who has been proved before you to be the author of works, of which every line is a calumny, sue for your protection, under the pretence that he has been calumniated? Shall he say to you, Gentlemen—I have been from my youth up earning a scandalous subsistence by villifying my sovereign, insulting his august family, belying his ministers, traducing his courts of justice, and slandering his subjects from the highest to the lowest; give me, therefore, ample damages, because this dirty occupation is not sufficiently profitable?

Shall he say, I have violated the ear of modesty in my writings, I have ridiculed the ordinances of our holy religion, I have blasphemed——

Here some of the Jury got up, and Lord Kenyon desired Mr. Garrow to stop, for that more was evidently unnecessary.

His Lordship then said, “ that it was their duty “ to consider whether the author of such works as

“ they had heard read, and described, had a right
“ to call for damages.

“ With what face,” continued his Lordship, “ can
“ this fellow find fault with the publication of the
“ Defendant, when it appears that the passage here
“ libelled attaches to him merely as Anthony Pas-
“ quin, a name which he has prefixed to writings of
“ the most infamous nature. It appears to me, that
“ the author of the Baviad has acted a very meri-
“ torious part in exposing this man ; and I do most
“ earnestly wish and hope that some method will ere
“ long be fallen upon, to prevent all such unprincipled
“ and mercenary wretches from going about un-
“ bridled in society, to the great annoyance and
“ disquietude of the public.”

*The Jury, without a moment's hesitation, non-
suited the Plaintiff.*

* * * The other actions, FORTY IN NUMBER, were
all determined by this one.

EPISTLE
TO
PETER PINDAR.

EPISTLE, &c.

WHILE many a NOBLE NAME, to virtue dear,
Delights the public eye, the public ear,
And fills thy canker'd breast with such annoy,
As Satan felt * from innocence and joy ;
Why, Peter, leave the hated object free, 5
And vent, poor driveller, all thy spite on me?

While pure Religion's beam, bane to thy sight,
O'er many a mitre sheds distinguish'd light,
And Prelates, in the path their SAVIOUR trod,
In trembling hope, "walk humbly with their God;"
Why, Peter, leave the hated objects free,
And vent, poor driveller, all thy spite on me? 12

* ———— aside the Devil turned
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance. ————

MILTON.

While, with a radiance yet to courts unknown,
Calm, steady dignity surrounds the throne
And the tried worth, the virtues, of thy King, 15
Deep in thy soul infix the mortal sting
Why, Peter, leave the hated object free,
And vent, poor driveller, all thy spite on me?

Alas ! scarce enter'd on the rolls of fame
And but to ONE LOVED CIRCLE known by name, 20
What can I stead thee? Thou mayst toil and strain,
Ransack, for filth, thy heart; for lies, thy brain;
Rave, storm;—'tis fruitless all. Of this, be sure,
Abuse of ME, will ne'er "one sprat" procure;
Bribe one night-cellar to invite thee in, 25
Purchase one draught of gun-powder and gin;
Seduce one brothel to display its charms,
Nor lure one hobbling strumpet to thy arms.

False fugitive! back to thy vomit flee—
Troll the lascivious song, the fulsome glee; 30
Truck praise for lust, hunt infant genius down,
Strip modest merit of its last half-crown;
Blow from thy mildew'd lips, on virtue blow,
And blight the goodness thou can'st never know:

'Tis well. But why on me?—While every tongue,
Of thy rank slanders, ranker life, yet rung, 36
Pronounced thy name with mingled hate and dread,
And pour'd its whole abhorrence on thy head;
I spoke not:—ne'er did aught of thee, or thine,
Profane, thank Heaven! one thought, one word of
mine.

True; when I heard thy deep-detested name,
A shivering horror crept through all my frame,
A damp, cold, chill, as if a snake or toad
Had started unawares across my road
Yet I kept silence: still thy spleen, or pride, 45
(Thy better demon absent from thy side,)
Urg'd thee to new assaults. Fool! there's a TIME,
When slowness to resist, becomes a crime;
'Tis HERE! the hour of suff'rance now is o'er,
And scorn shall screen thee from my arm no more. 50

Unhappy dotard, see! thy hairs are grey—
In fitter lists thy waning strength display;
Go, dip thy trembling hands in coward gore,
And hew down Wests and Copleys by the score;
But touch not me,—or, to thy peril know, 55
I give no easy conquest to the foe:

Come then, all filth, all venom as thou art,
Rage in thy eye, and rancour in thy heart,
Come with thy boasted arms, spite, malice, lies,
Smut, scandal, execrations, blasphemies ; 60
I brave them all. Lo, here I fix my stand,
And dare the utmost of thy tongue and hand ;
Prepared each threat to baffle, or to spurn,
Each blow, with tenfold vigour, to return.—

But WHAT IS HE, that, with a Mohawk's air, 65
“ Cries havock, and lets slip the dogs of war ?”
A bloated mass, a gross, blood-bolter'd clod,
A foe to man, a renegade from God,
From noxious childhood to pernicious age,
Separate to infamy, in every stage. 70

CORNWALL remembers yet his first employ,
And shuddering tells, with what infernal joy,
His little tongue in blasphemies was loos'd,
His little hands in deeds of horror us'd ;
While mangled insects strew'd his cradle o'er, 75
And limbs of birds distain'd his bib with gore.

Anon, on stronger animals he flew,
For with his growth his savage passions grew ;

And oft, what time his violence fail'd to kill,
He mix'd the insidious dose * with wicked skill; 80
Saw with wild joy, in pangs till then untried,
Cats, dogs, expire; and curs'd them as they died !

With riper years a different scene began,
And his hate turn'd from animals to man :
Then letters, libels, flew on secret wings, 85
And wide around infix'd their venom'd stings ;
All fear'd, where none could ward the coming blow,
And each man eyed his neighbour as his foe :
Till dragg'd to day, the lurking caitiff stood,
Th' accursed cause of many a fatal feud, 90
And begg'd for mercy in so sad a strain,
So wept, so trembled, that the injured train,
Who, crawling at their feet a MISCREANT saw,
Too mean for punishment, too poor for law,
O'erlook'd ('twas all they could) his numerous crimes,
And shipp'd him off "to ape and monkey climes." 96

* Let not the reader who shudders at this, therefore disbelieve it. Almost the first accounts which I remember to have had of this man, (and they were from one who knew him well,) related to the execrable use he made of his knowledge as an apothecary's boy, in torturing and destroying animals by poisonous drugs.

THERE, while the negroes view'd, with strong
disgust,
This prodigy of drunkenness and lust
Explore the darkest cells, the dirtiest styes,
And roll in filth at which their gorge would rise; 100
He play'd one master-trick to crown the whole,
And took, O Heavens! the sacerdotal stole!—
How shook the altar when he first drew near,
Hot from debauch, and with a shameless leer, 104
Pour'd stammering forth the yet unhallow'd prayers,
Mix'd with convulsive sobs, and noisome airs!—
Then rose the people, passive now no more,
And from his limbs the sacred vestments tore;
Dragg'd him with groans, shouts, hisses, to the main,
And sent him—to annoy these realms again. 110

CORNWALL, that fondly deem'd herself relieved,
Ill-fated land! once more the pest received;
But, wary and forwarn'd, observ'd his course,
And track'd each libel to its proper source;
'Till indignation, wide and wider spread, 115
Burst in one dreadful tempest on his head.

Then hasty flight ensued!—'TWERE long to trace
His mazes, as he slunk from place to place;

To count, whene'er unearth'd, what pumps he bore,
 What horse-ponds, till the country he forswore, 120
 And, chased by public vengeance up and down,
 (Hopeless of shelter,) fled at length to Town ;
 Compell'd in crowds to hide his hated head,
 And sponge on dirty whores for dirty bread.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Lo, HERE THE REPTILE! who from some dark
 cell,

Where all his veins with native poison swell,
 Crawls forth, a slimy toad, and spits, and spues,
 The crude abortions of his loathsome muse, 130
 On all that Genius, all that Worth holds dear,
 Unsullied rank, and piety sincere ;
 While idiot mirth the base defilement lauds,
 And malice, with averted face, applauds !

Lo, HERE THE BRUTAL SOT ! who, drench'd with
 gin,
 Lashes his wither'd nerves to tasteless sin ;

Squeals out (with oaths and blasphemies between)
 The impious song, the tale, the jest obscene ;
 And careless views, amidst the barbarous roar,
 His few grey hairs-strew, one by one, the floor ! 140

Lo, HERE THE WRINKLED PROFLIGATE ! who
 stands
 On nature's verge, and from his leprous hands
 Shakes tainted verse ; who bids us, with the price
 Of rancorous falsehoods, pander to his vice ;
 Give him to live the future as the past, 145
 And in pollution wallow to the last !

Enough !—Yet, Peter ! mark my parting lay—
 See ! thy last sands are fleeting fast away ;
 And, what should more thy sluggish soul appal,
 Thy limbs shrink up !—THE WRITING ON THE
 WALL !— 150
 O check, a moment check, the obstreperous din
 Of guilty joy, and hear the voice within,
 The small, still voice of conscience, hear it cry,
 AN ATHEIST THOU MAY'ST LIVE, BUT CAN'ST NOT
 DIE !

Give then, poor tinkling bellman of four-score,
 Give thy lewd rhymes, thy lewder converse o'er, 156
 Thy envy, hate;—and, while thou yet hast power,
 On other thoughts employ the unvalued hour;
 Lest, as from crazy eld's diseaseful bed,
 Thou lift'st, TO SPIT AT HEAVEN, thy palsied head,
 THE BLOW arrive; and thou, reduced by fate, 161
 To change thy frenzy for despair too late,
 Close thy dim eyes a moment in the tomb,
 To wake for ever in THE WORLD TO COME,
 Wake to meet HIM whose "Ord'nance thou hast
 slaved,"*
 Whose Mercy slighted, and whose Justice braved!

For ME—Why should'st thou with abortive toil,
 Waste the poor remnant of thy sputtering oil,
 In filth and falsehood? Ignorant and absurd!
 Pause from thy pains, and take my closing word; 170
Thou canst not think, nor have *I* power to tell,
 How much I SCORN and LOATH thee—so, farewell!

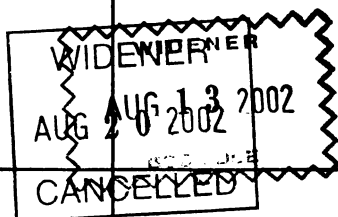
* ————— the lust-dieted man
 That *slaves* thy *ord'nance*, &c.

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